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THE GRAPHIC.

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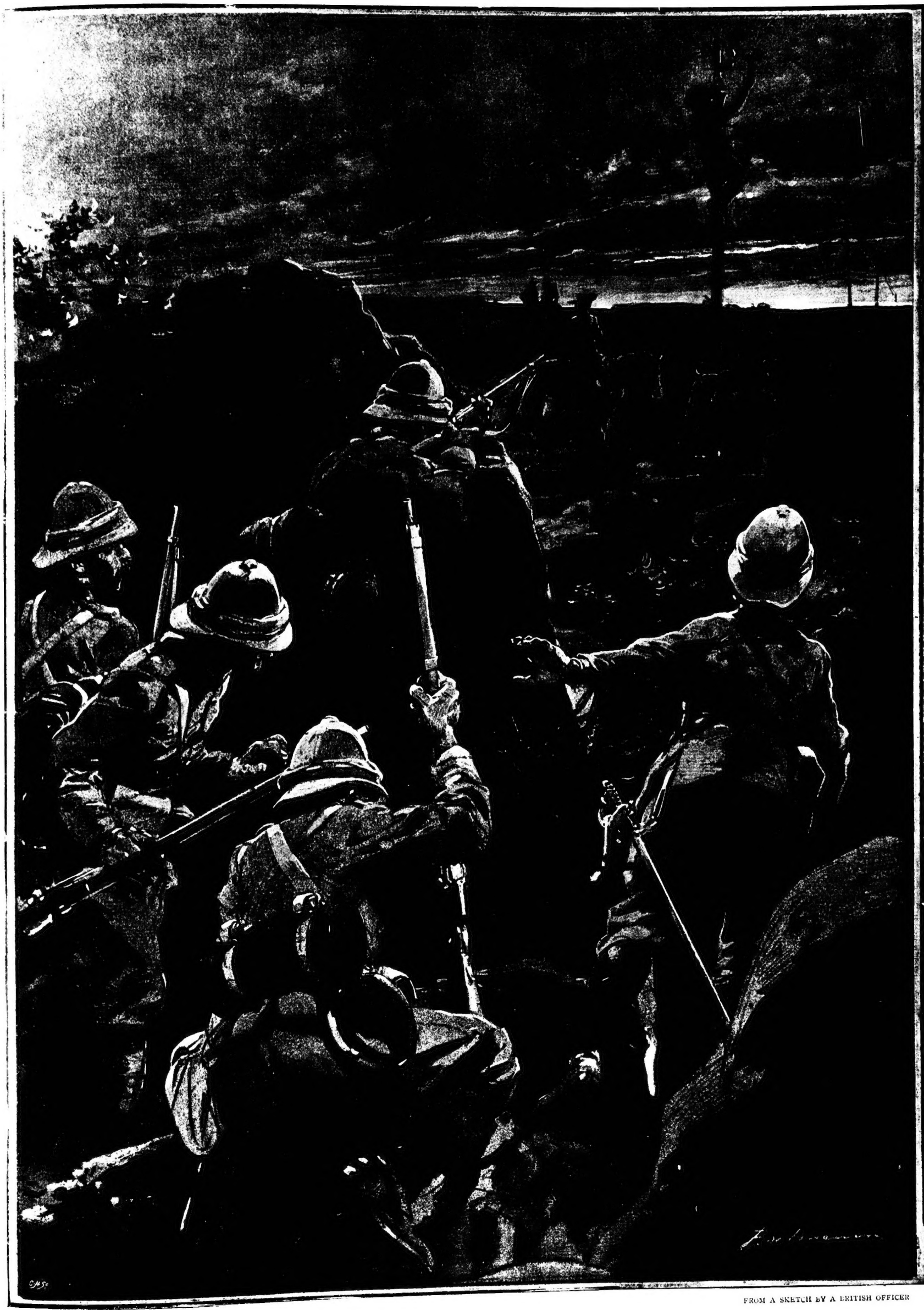
THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1899

WITH TWO EXTRA SUPPLEMENTS [PRICE NINEPENCE
"The War" and "A Hot Chase" By Post, 9½d



DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN

IN THE NICK OF TIME: SAVING THE WIRES

FROM A SKETCH BY A BRITISH OFFICER

Topics of the Week

ON a calm survey of the disasters experienced by our arms in South Africa we are disposed to think that they constitute a lesson which, one of these days, we shall be thankful to have learnt. They have revealed to us before it is too late the full magnitude of the danger which has been slowly and formidably accumulating at the heart of our Imperial system. That we under-estimated the strength of the Boers at the outset of the campaign is a very trivial error by the side of the total absence of foresight by which our entire policy in South Africa has been characterised during the last twenty years. The Intelligence Department of the War Office, no doubt, stands condemned, but not so deeply condemned as the failure of our statesmen to grasp the fundamental and enduring facts of the peril by which we have been threatened. What is that peril? It is that, being a Power of comparatively small military, as distinct from naval, resources, we have allowed a military State, possessing great advantages, to organise itself on a land frontier of one of our colonies. Now we have never been insensible to the dangers of land frontiers. In India the North-Western frontier has been our special anxiety. In Burmah we fought hard against immediate contact with the French, and we did our best to interpose a buffer State between our possessions in that region and the French advance towards the Upper Mekong. And yet these dangers were by no means comparable to the perils we have courted in South Africa. Our Indian frontier is difficult of access to Russia, and before France can send troops to Tonquin she must engage and defeat the British Navy. In South Africa, on the other hand, the enemy is within easy striking distance of our own colonies, and is intangible so far as our Naval power is concerned. That under these circumstances we should have given the Transvaal its independence is bad enough, but that, having given it that independence, we should not have watched most jealously all its armaments, and insisted upon their being kept within reasonable limits, was a blunder of inconceivable grossness. That is the blunder which we are now expiating with the blood of our brave soldiers. There might be something to be said in extenuation of this blunder if our position in South Africa were of little material consequence to us. This, however, is not the case, and the fact that it is not so has always been clearly grasped by British statesmen. As far back as 1881 Lord Kimberley very accurately stated the importance of our position in South Africa in a letter to the late Lord Selborne. "Everyone who has considered the question," he wrote, "knows that the route to India by the Suez Canal and Egypt cannot be relied upon in case of a great war. The Cape route will then be of enormous importance to us, and it is an entire delusion to imagine that we could hold Cape Town, abandoning the rest. If we allow our supremacy in South Africa to be taken from us, we shall be ousted before long from that country altogether." The natural corollary of these views would have been to see that the hinterland of Cape Colony was not occupied by a military Power. Instead of that we have allowed such a Power to establish itself, with the result that to-day we are fighting not merely for supremacy in South Africa, but for our chief and most important route to India and our Australian colonies. This is the reason that we shall and must strain every nerve to overcome the opposition with which we are now grappling. The conflict is vital to the Empire. When, however, it is concluded it will not be sufficient to reassert and reassure our local supremacy. The whole question of land frontiers will have to be considered, for the time is not far distant when in other portions of the Empire—especially in West and East Africa—the same problem will arise again, and we must then be prepared to meet it. If our present disasters teach us to provide effectually against these perils in the future, we shall not perhaps have bought them too dearly.

QUITE apart from the requirements of the South African campaign, it is an excellent thing that the Militia and Yeomanry should be given an opportunity of showing the stuff of which they are made. Foreign critics of our military machinery are prone to regard these auxiliary forces as little better than men in buckram. They point, too, to the large number of annual desertions from the Militia and to the continuous dwindling of the Yeomanry as proofs that these troops do not take soldiering seriously. Possibly, there may be some slight grounds for that imputation in peace times; it would be but natural that forces never allowed an opportunity of proving their military valour should practise their profession in a more or less dilettante manner. But those whose memories reach back to the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny bear witness what splendid troops the embodied Militia regiments became after a brief period of garrison life. Whether in drill, physique, or marching, they compared not unfavourably with the best of the Regulars, while their officers surpassed their brethren of the Line in their eager desire for professional knowledge. It may be safely taken for granted that the same metamorphosis will again occur after the lapse of more than forty years, and that the Constitutional Force, having quickly got rid of the rust accumulated

during that long period of inactivity, will come forth as bright steel. The men are of the same race and social status as the Regulars, and we make very sure that, should the Boers come into collision with our second Line of military defence, they will find it constituted of as tough customers as they now admit the heretofore despised "rooineks" to be.

The Court

CHRISTMAS at Court—as elsewhere—will be considerably overshadowed by the national anxiety concerning the war. Indeed, the Queen, who feels the situation so keenly, cannot bear to be far away from London at the present time, both because Her Majesty wishes to be within easy reach of the latest news, and also to be at hand in the case of any sudden consultation with her Ministers and military advisers. Accordingly, at the last moment, the Queen countermanded her departure for Osborne and remains at Windsor for Christmas. It is several years since Her Majesty spent Christmas at Windsor Castle, but the usual Christmas party of the Royal Family will gather round the Queen—the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Prince and Princess Christian with their families, besides the Duchess of Albany and her son and daughter, who are coming over from Germany. The Queen has not seen the Duchess since she settled in Germany with her son as heir to the Saxe-Coburg Duchy. There have not been many visitors at the Castle this week, and the few were chiefly military men. Lord Wolseley and Major-General Sir Henry Ewart were dining with Her Majesty when the news of General Buller's reverse arrived, and Lord Wolseley went back to town almost immediately. Princess Christian and her daughters are constantly with the Queen.

American sympathy with the British nation received a gracious Royal acknowledgment on Saturday when the Union Jack which the Queen gives to the American ladies' hospital ship *Maine* was formally presented by the Duke of Connaught. Her Majesty warmly appreciates the kindly thought of our American sisters, and besides personally receiving the ladies at the head of the enterprise and the staff of the ship, the Queen wished to mark her gratitude by a souvenir more lasting than words. Hence the gift of the Union Jack, which for the first time in history waves with the Stars and Stripes over the same ship. The *Maine* was a mass of bunting, arranged rainbow fashion, when the Duke and Duchess of Connaught with Princess Louise boarded her in the West India Docks for a thorough tour of inspection before the ceremony. Lady Randolph Churchill, as president of the *Maine* Fund, with Mrs. Blow and Mrs. Ronalds, hon. secretary and treasurer, and a host of helpers, received the Royal visitors, and after lunch the whole party assembled on deck, where the proceedings began by Mrs. Morgan Richards presenting the Duke with a gold maple-leaf, sent by Canadian children as an emblem of Peace. Then the Duke, holding the Queen's flag, made the presentation on behalf of the Queen, speaking with much warmth, and Lady Randolph Churchill briefly replied. The flag was run promptly up to the top of the mainmast, the Duke giving a hearty pull at the rope to shake its folds free. As the flag floated out, amid cheers and the strains of "Rule Britannia," the Stars and Stripes were run up to the mizzen-mast, and the Red Cross banner to the fore. The Bishop of Islington blessed the flags and the ceremony was over, the Royal guests leaving at once. The Queen's gift is a splendid Union Jack of unusual size, having in the centre a white medallion with the Red Geneva Cross. The Duke of Connaught's interest in the *Maine* did not end here, for, with the Duchess and Prince Christian, he was present next night at the farewell dinner to the doctors, nurses and officers of the ship, a concert by American artistes concluding the evening. Only a night or two before, also, the Prince and Princess of Wales, with their family, had been present at the great fête given at Olympia in aid of the funds of the Princess's own hospital ship and the *Maine*.

Just now every ceremony in which Royalty takes part seems connected with the war element. Such, for instance, as the Prince of Wales's presentation of the Omdurman medals to the Grenadier Guards lately returned from the Soudan. The Prince and Princess came over from Windsor Castle, where they were staying, to the Victoria Barracks, Windsor, to find the regiment drawn up as three sides of a square on the parade ground. A platform had been erected, with the camp colours at each corner, and here the Prince and Princess took their stand, the Prince having by him the medals on a table. These medals are in silver, and bear the Queen's portrait on the obverse, surmounted by the title "Victoria Regina et Imperatrix," while the reverse shows a figure of Victory carrying a palm branch and laurel wreath, the word "Sudan" appearing below. The ribbon is yellow and black, with a narrow red line dividing the colours. One by one the men came up to the Prince to receive their decorations, and, the medals having been pinned on, the troops marched past twice, finally forming up at the saluting base to hear a few cheery words from the Prince.

As for many years past, the Prince and Princess of Wales pass their Christmas at Sandringham, surrounded by their family. The house party will be very quiet, but there will be every effort to make the poorer neighbours spend a happy Christmas with kindly and useful gifts for the season. Whilst in London the Prince and Princess have spent much of their time in choosing Christmas presents, all the latest novelties being sent to Marlborough House for the Princess to see, while Princess Victoria and Prince and Princess Charles prefer to go to the shops themselves. The Prince and Princess went again to Olympia on Saturday, and on Sunday gave a luncheon-party, Prince Christian and his married daughter, Princess Arlbert of Anhalt, being among the guests. Next day the Prince and Princess held a large reception of the Presidents and other officials of the League of Mercy at Marlborough House. The Prince also presided over a meeting of the British Commissioners for the Paris Exhibition before he left town for Hall Barn, Beaconsfield, Bucks, on a shooting visit to Sir Edward Lawson. The Prince and Princess go to Sandringham at the end of the week.

The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTLER.

By J. ASHEY-STERRY

CHRISTMAS has come upon us unexpectedly. It appears only recently that we were revelling in our long and hot summer in the country, it seems like only yesterday we were in town and hardly settled in for the winter when we find things as Christmas presents, Christmas boxes, and Christmas have to be considered. I rub my eyes and wonder whether I have been dreaming. But I find Christmas cannot and will not go off. I consult my calendar and find that next Monday is the 26th of December and Christmas Day. So there is no chance of evading the fact that Christmas Day is in the near—near future. I am so glad I did not forget all about it. I was as pleased as Scrooge did when he found Christmas Day was not over and sent the boy to buy the big prize turkey for Cratchit, and I take the opportunity of mentally shaking hands with my countless friends, known and unknown, all over the world, wherever the English language is spoken, and raising a glass of glass, and "looking towards them," and wishing them most of all "A Merry Christmas!"

Speaking of the Old Bell, Holborn—now replaced by a palatial hostelry—the *City Press* says:—"Dickens, Thackeray, and John Leech were more or less associated with the old place. The definiteness of their connection with the old place does not appear to have been very clearly established." As far as Dickens is the author of "Vanity Fair," and the artist who, in *Punch*, introduced an entirely new school of artistic humorists, I am inclined to agree with the writer above quoted. But I am not quite so sure in respect of Charles Dickens. We all of us remember the notorious scene, so graphically described in "Martin Chuzzlewit," of the dressing of Lewsome—the unfortunate invalid—by Sairey Gamp and Betsy Prig. Well, that is supposed to take place in the Bull, generally thought to be the Black Bull, an hostelry of close contiguity to the Bell, which was some years ago entirely modernised. From what I can remember of the Black Bull the description does not fit nearly as well as to the Bell in its original state. I was particularly struck with my theory being correct when, just before the demolition of the last-named inn, I visited every room in the house, and thoroughly explored it from cellar to roof-tree. And throughout my exploration the ghosts of Sairey Gamp, Betsey Prig, John Westlock, Bailey, Mr. Moulton, and Pold Sweetlepipe kept me in excellent spirits. To describe one inn and give it the sign of another was no uncommon thing with Dickens. I am inclined to think he did it with the White Hart and the George in the Borough in "Pickwick," and the Bull and Blue Boar at Rochester in "Edwin Drood," and I fancy it is not at all unlikely that he carried out the same idea in the instance above alluded to.

The other day I saw a paragraph to the effect that "the rickety old wooden staircase" of Sir Joshua Reynolds's old residence in Leicester Square had "been replaced by stairs of modern design." The staircase in question was never made of wood. Like nearly all the staircases in mansions of that size and period, it was entirely of stone, but this stone, after the footfall of well-nigh two hundred years—the house was probably erected in the early part of the Eighteenth Century—naturally began to show signs of wear. Indeed, some of the steps became so concave that they were somewhat dangerous for those who used them. Without interfering in any way with the form and fabric of the old staircase, the faulty steps have been removed and slabs of marble fitted in their places. But, as I pointed out in this column at the time these repairs were taking place, nearly six months ago, these worn-out steps were undoubtedly those over which the courtly Sir Joshua and the most distinguished people of his day had passed, and I expressed a wonder that they had not found a resting-place in the collection of some enthusiastic lover of curios. People, in the present day, do collect the oddest of things, but I never yet heard of them collecting old steps.

In Mr. Arthur à Beckett's most amusing and comprehensive volume, full of good things, entitled "London at the End of the Century," he asks, "Did the author of 'The Adventures of Mr. Ledbury' ever write of 'the snob'?" That is the question that I would put to the erudite author of "The Bystander." Well, no, I am inclined to think not. Probably Mr. à Beckett, in looking at "The Gent," which was the first of the series of shilling books by Albert Smith, and had an enormous success. It was followed by "The Flirt," "The Ballet Girl," "The Idler up to Town," all illustrated by John Gilbert, Henning, and Gavarni—also "Feeling Parties," and "Stuck-up People," with pictures by John Gilbert. I happen to have the original manuscript of "The Gent," and I am surprised to find what a tiny book it is. I fancy that the original were nearly all the "natural histories" written by Albert Smith, and a great deal of the material used in their composition may be found in the early numbers of *Punch*. There were volumes in the same series written by Angus Reach, Horace Mayhew, and others.

The electricians, or whoever they were, who have been contributing to the misery of London, by pulling up the paving stones in all directions, and leaving traps and pitfalls for the unwary, have tired somewhat of their heartless sport. They have replaced their trenches, and they have replaced the paving stones. But after all the work is not completed in a satisfactory fashion. The workmen have retired, but they have not left the foot-paths in peace. Wide chinks are left in the paving stones. Into these you plunge your best umbrella, and break it off short at the handle. Or your favourite walking-stick, and split it down the middle. Awkward holes have been left in unexpected places, well calculated to sprain your ankle or to achieve a very choice example of a "fracture," and flagstones have been very slyly removed in the most convenient places, so that you may be indulged in a gratuitous mud-bath when you least expect it. In short, there is no end to the mischievous humour and the glorious practical joking of the electricians, or whoever they may be, and if they only keep it up a little longer, we may enjoy all the fun of the comic business in the pantomime. The trouble and expense of going to the theatre, and the luckless foot-passenger does not see the joke, and the action for damages on account of ruined umbrella, broken walking-stick, sprained ankle or broken leg, probably the foremost of public benefactors will fail to see where the laugh comes in.

The Theatres

By W. MOY THOMAS

"MISS HOBBS" AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE

Let Alexandre Dumas's *Mademoiselle de Bell-Isle*, Mr. Jerome's new comedy, which, after enjoying some success in America, was brought out at the DUKE OF YORK'S Theatre on Monday evening, is the story of a wager laid by a gentleman without much regard for the feelings of the lady whom it directly concerns. The comedian or the feelings of the lady whom it directly concerns, the comedian's play, however, inclines to a serious and, indeed, a White Dumas's treatment, *Miss Hobbs* is conceived and written in a spirit of light comedy rather closely bordering on farce, and the success of the play has achieved is wholly due to its mirth-provoking quality. Mr. Jerome's heroine, though pretty and attractive, is an uncomely, misogamist. She goes about the country lecturing on "The Social Question," and is great on "the subjection of women." Resident at the Duke of York's, which has become a sort of refuge for discontented wives and young ladies who have had "tiffs" with their sweethearts. Thither comes Mrs. Percival Kingsear, who has fled from her husband on slight provocation, leaving her husband to denounce Miss Hobbs, who, though personally unknown to him, he regards as the cause of his matrimonial troubles. But it happens that Kingsear's denunciations of the disturber of his domestic peace are uttered in the presence of his old College chum and neighbour, Mr. Woolf Kingsear, who at once offers to make a bet that, though he is what the lady correspondent of Charles Dickens, Master Humphrey calls "one of a conflicting sex," he will within three months kiss Miss Hobbs—of course, with the lady's assent. One of the conditions is that a banquet in commemoration of his triumph shall be given at a well-known hotel.

Here it is clear that we are in the ideal world of the writer of farce. In ordinary life, of course, no gentleman could be guilty of proposing such a wager and solemnly recording its terms in the presence of witnesses in a pocket-book? Nor is it conceivable that any gentleman would contemplate such an insolent piece of coxcombry as that of celebrating his triumph by a hotel dinner. Strange things, however, are done in farce-land, and wilder extravagances than Mr. Kingsear's bet have ere now been condoned. The audience on Monday were amused by the long-drawn contest of wits between Miss Hobbs and her antagonist, and that was for practical purposes enough. The first skirmish promises well for the lady, for when Woolf affects to treat her as a lady's-maid and proceeds to make love to her without much ceremony she humours his supposed mistake and makes him promise to visit her at the Club, where she proposes to make sport of him. But, unfortunately, deceived by the similarity of name, she has mistaken Woolf Kingsear for his namesake, so that her little plot for bringing her admirer to his knees at the moment when Mrs. Kingsear is entering the Club-room misses its mark, and involves the plotter in confusion. The next act passes in the cabin of Kingsear's yacht off Cowes, whither Miss Hobbs comes to return the pocket-book which has come into her possession, and to inform Woolf that she has discovered the scandal of the wager. Here the battle of wits is renewed. Woolf persuades his visitor that fog has gathered in the Solent, and that the yacht has dragged her anchor and is in peril, and Miss Hobbs, with less shrewdness than might have been expected of her, falls a victim to her antagonist's rather simple devices and entreats him to rescue her from the danger. It is the man's part, she observes, and Woolf agrees; but there is a woman's part also which consists in grilling some chops and laying the cloth for a meal, and Woolf declines to act till the lady, terrified by the foghorn which a confederate on deck sounds from time to time, sulkily yields. Woolf then takes the incident as his text for an exposition of his views on the woman's rights question. As to the dénouement, which is arrived at in the fourth act, who that knows the story of Katherine, of Beatrice, and of Lord Tennyson's "Princess" can be in any doubt? The dialogue is sprightly, and none the worse for not being encumbered with irrelevant epigrams. Though hardly brisk enough, the acting was skilfully pitched in the key of the piece—Miss Evelyn Millard bringing out very skilfully the womanly tenderness that underlies the aggressiveness of Miss Hobbs, and Mr. Herbert Waring, by his easy grace, helping us to forget the unchivalrous vulgarity which the dramatist has ascribed to his hero. The other Kingsear was played with much success by Mr. Allen Aynesworth, while Miss Susie Vaughan acquitted herself well in the character of the kindly maiden lady Susan Abbey, a part played in New York by that marvellously clever actress, Mrs. Lewis, the *doyenne* of the American stage.

"The Mystical Miss" at the Comedy

"THE MYSTICAL MISS," by Messrs. Klein and Sousa, which has replaced *El Capitan* at the Comedy, is one of those farcical and sentimental burlesques which the Americans greatly appreciate. Almost all the fun, and that mainly of the Transatlantic type, is in the hands of one man, namely, Mr. De Wolf Hopper, the manager, while the music, which consists to a very large extent of sentimental ballad, Offenbachian gallopes and Sousa marches, is chiefly allotted to Miss Nella Bergen, who plays the heroine, and Mr. Harold Burke, who is the tenor lover of the piece. The story of *The Mystical Miss*, although a little more rational than that of such cases, is chiefly an excuse for Mr. Hopper's jokes and Mr. Sousa's music. Prince Boris, the tenor hero, has been commanded by the Tsar to marry a lady of his own rank, on pain of losing his title and estates. He has a wicked uncle, who conspires with a traveling conjurer to allow the conjurer's daughter to pose as a Princess, with whom the silly Prince forthwith falls in love. After the marriage the wicked uncle causes the truth to be disclosed, and Prince Boris bids fair to be beggared, although the Tsar eventually does justice by pardoning the young couple. A great deal of the fun of the piece consists in the comical anguish of the conjurer, who believes that he is to be tortured for the part he has played in the deception. There are also two or three quite extraneous scenes, one of them a most amusing game of billiards, played in pantomime by Mr. Hopper and Miss Mackaye, one of the brightest of soubrettes; and another a burlesque of Transatlantic melodrama, in which the heroine is supposed to be laid, bound, upon the railway line, in order to be run over by a pasteboard engine, which persists in going the wrong way. Although the piece is purely American, the essentially Yankee fun seemed to be hugely enjoyed by the audience.

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CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS. BRIGHTON & SOUTH COAST RAILWAY. The Brighton Company announce that their West End Offices, 28, Regent Street and 8 Grand Hotel Buildings Trafalgar Square, and the City Office, 6, Arthur Street East will remain open until 10 p.m. on the evenings of Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, December 21, 22 and 23 for the sale of tickets.

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S GRAPHIC are as follows:—To any part of the United Kingdom, 4d. per copy irrespective of weight. To any other part of the World the rate would be 4d. FOR EVERY 2 OZ. Care should, therefore, be taken to correctly WEIGH AND STAMP all copies so forwarded.

The Founder of Ladysmith

SIR HARRY GEORGE WAKELYN SMITH, Bart., who gave the name to the town of Harrismith in the Orange Free State, was descended from an old Cambridgeshire family residing at Whittlesey, in the Isle of Ely, some six miles from Peterborough. His father, a surgeon, who lived to a great age, had four sons, three of whom were soldiers and the fourth a doctor.

The three soldier sons went through the Peninsular War, and were at Waterloo and returned safely. Sir Harry was the eldest, Captain Charles Smith was the second, Colonel Thomas Smith, C.B., being the youngest. At the battle of the Coa Sir Harry (then a major) and Colonel Thomas (then a lieutenant) were wounded, though the former's wound was not a severe one. They were brought from the scene of battle many miles down a rough country in a shaky cart, and their suffering was intense; the present ambulance advantages were not then in existence.

The two brothers were placed in the same hospital, and a young doctor came to dress their wounds, which were in a frightful condition for want of attention. With one hand this doctor unbandaged the damaged knee, and with the other he held a bouquet to his nose. Sir Harry, less badly wounded, watched the doctor and the bouquet—

Which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took't away again,
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by
He called them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.

Sir Harry (like Hotspur)—

Then all smarting with his wounds being cold,
To be so pestered with a popinjay,

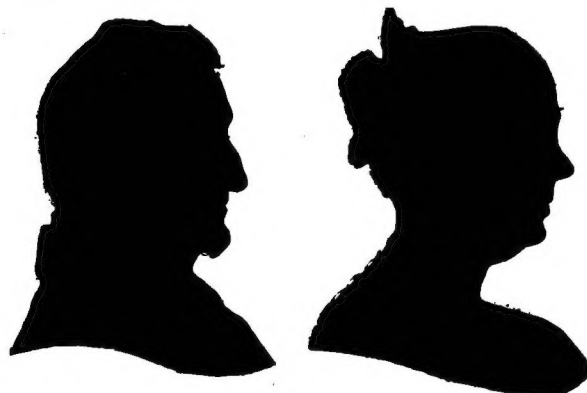
jumped out of bed, and kicked the young doctor down the stairs. This was a breach of military discipline for which he was brought before the Duke and admonished, but the Duke secretly laughed at the circumstance. Sir Harry was at the siege of Badajos; here a very interesting incident occurred. He was standing with the General and Staff when a Spanish Countess and her young sister came to the General for protection. Sir Harry was smitten by the charms of the younger of the fair petitioners; this ripened into love, and she eventually became his wife—Lady Smith, from whom comes the name of the town of "Ladysmith," now so famous.

At Waterloo Sir Harry Smith was brigade major; his brother Thomas was adjutant of the Rifle Brigade.

Sir Harry was a good soldier, and showed great skill and bravery in the Sikh Wars. At the battle of Aliwal (which was entirely his battle, and for which he was created a Baronet, with a pension to Lady Smith), he defeated the Sikhs with great slaughter. Wherever he went there was fighting to be done, and he almost died in harness.

Lady Smith accompanied him wherever he went. She was at the

battle of Chillianwallah, and received a medal, which is still in the possession of the family. Lady Gough was also at this severe fight. On his return from his victories against the Sikhs, a banquet was



SIR HARRY SMITH

LADY SMITH

given him at his native place—Whittlesey. When returning thanks, he quoted the well-known lines:—

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own, my native land!"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand?

After that he went to South Africa. From 1847 to 1854 he was Governor of the Cape, and did great service in the fights against the Kaffirs. He died without children, and the baronetcy (which might have been granted for continuation through Colonel Thomas Smith, had he not declined it) became extinct.

Colonel Thomas Smith had six sons in the Army and one in the Navy, and all but one pre-deceased him; his widow is still living and in good health.

Sir Harry was educated at a school which formed originally an eastern chapel of the south aisle of the beautiful church of Saint Mary, Whittlesey. This chapel, now called the Smith Chapel, was restored in honour of the Hero of Aliwal, and what was the school is now again part of the church and adorned by three painted windows. Within this church rest many members of the old family, ancestors of the hero of forty battles.

Many people still live who remember Sir Harry, his brothers and father, and cherish the memory of the kindness of the three sons who served their country so well. The names of the three South African towns, Harrismith, Ladysmith, and Aliwal will perpetuate the fame of the brave soldier and his good wife, whose silhouettes, taken at a late period of life, we reproduce.

Modder River

BY A FORMER RESIDENT

THE scene of Lord Methuen's heavy fighting is twenty-five miles south of Kimberley—with the Orange Free State bordering it four miles to the east. There is really no village, properly speaking, much less a town, but simply a district with a few stock farms scattered around, a general store for supplying the farmers and Kaffirs, and a couple of hotels and farms combined, where some of the residents of Kimberley go for change of air or for the shooting.

During the summer months large picnic parties, both white and coloured, organised by the churches of Kimberley, some lasting to the number of 600 or more, go down for a day's outing to the river, "The Island," owned by Mr. J. K. Glover, being a favourite resort. Just where the two rivers, the Riet and Modder, meet, about 400 yards above the railway bridge, is the so-called "Island." It is in reality not an island but a V-shaped piece of land formed by the two rivers, the Riet on the southern and Modder on the north, and open on the east side to the Orange Free State. It is here that the Boers seem to have made the best sand, and certainly the position was most favourable for them. The steep banks of the river on the south side, where the water would come from, are fairly well wooded and covered with a low bush, and would afford excellent cover for riflemen, and would be impossible to rush the position and get in with confidence. The Boers if they wished to retire, would find the east side quite open, and by keeping along the banks of the Modder River and the Riet on the north side, they could keep out of sight for two or three miles. Here the river takes a more northerly course, and if the Orange Free State they would have to come into more open water.

The Modder River Railway Bridge was built quite close to the old wagon road, and the drift is easily passable even during the times when one or both of the rivers are "coming down," which event usually happens during December and January, perhaps four or five times.

The country round about is quite flat for some miles, and not suited for the usual tactics of the Boers, but at Spynegat, about halfway between the river and Kimberley, it gets more broken. Before the rinderpest broke out, the farmers in the district raised a fine lot of cattle, but, unfortunately, they were nearly all swept away by that disease—in fact, so scarce did draught oxen become that the owners of the Koffysfontein Diamond Mine, who used to get their coal from Indwe forwarded from the siding at Modder River by ox waggons to their mines in the Orange Free State, actually got out several traction engines from England to take the places of oxen, and sent them across country, much to the amazement of both the Dutch and Kaffirs. The climate of this part of South Africa during the winter months—May to September—is superb, beautiful bright days and cold frosty nights, but during part of the summer—the rainy season—for those sleeping under canvas, or without even that, it is very trying.



The Prince of Wales last week presented medals at the Victoria Barracks, Windsor, to officers and men of the 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards who were engaged in the Sudan campaign of last year. The Prince, who was accompanied by the Princess of Wales, handed the medals personally to the recipients, and afterwards briefly addressed them, saying that he felt it to be a great compliment to be asked to make the presentation. He was glad to see so many men who had returned from the campaign of last year, and he

knew that their hearts were with their brave comrades in South Africa. Whatever might be the odds, the Army, and especially the Brigade of Guards, would always be ready. The ceremony concluded with cheers from the men for the Prince and Princess and for their colonel, the Duke of Cambridge, who was also present.

THREE CHEERS FOR THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS: AFTER THE DISTRIBUTION OF SOUDAN MEDALS TO THE GUARDS AT WINDSOR

DRAWN BY A. S. BOYD



"I never knew your worth, Jane. Can you forgive me?"

WINEFRED: A STORY OF THE CHALK CLIFFS

By S. BARING-GOULD. Illustrated by EDGAR BUNDY, R.I.

CHAPTER XLIX.

RENT ASUNDER

Winefred and her father were on their way to the down, passing up the Asmuth through Bindon, when Mrs. Jose appeared in the ashy lane that gives access to the court, and saluted them.

She was in a condition of considerable perturbation, as was perceptible from her face, which mirrored the state of her mind.

Winefred, catching her hand, inquired breathlessly, "What is the meaning of this? It is as though everyone were on the cliffs. Surely there is an invasion from France."

"Idle fables. They are running from the downs and the people on to the cliffs."

"What is the matter?"

"Let me tell. No one knows. Something is going to happen, and yet no one has returned."

"My mother?"

"She went to the cottage with a carpet-bag to remove her knick-knacks. She has not come back. But perhaps she has got together men to carry the furniture and all the whole bag of tricks out of the house."

"Is that so?"

"And all my men and maids have gone too. And Jose has told them, he as don't care for phenomena, as the parson calls it, but only his pipe and ale."

"What is the matter?"

"I don't only know. The sea is boiling and throwing up mud. I may think that the rocks are about to fall. But I can't say. I only preserve us all! It may be the Last Day coming on us in

Axmuth and going on next to Seaton, and destroy it by instalments. If so, I wish it had begun t'other end of England."

"Where is my mother—at the cottage?"

"That is just what I do not know, but want to find out."

Winefred waited no longer. She ran up the lane, leaving her father to follow at a pace more suited to his age and tight-lacing.

She came to the gate—once set with thorns—with a number of people running also up the lane, and could see that there were a great many on the common, forming as it were a wavering black ribbon on the short turf. Some impelled by curiosity advanced considerably, but next moment alarmed at their own temerity, scared by some trifle, recoiled.

One cried out that he heard a grinding sound under his bootsoles, and at once there was a rush inland. There broke out an argument as to where the fall would be. Some said along the line of the old Undercliff, there would be the cleavage. This was disputed on the ground that the Undercliff represented an earlier and exhausted subsidence.

One point there was on the down higher than the rest, that commanded a general view, and this was a point to which the curious trended partly because it gave such an extensive prospect, but also because it was esteemed secure.

Winefred inquired of the groups she encountered whether they had seen her mother, and received contradictory replies.

She was taking the path that led to the cottage, when she was arrested by a loud and general cry that ran from west to east; and immediately she heard a strange rending sound as of thick cloth ripped asunder; this produced a rush backwards of the people, and shouts of command rang from some of the preventive men. At once was seen a jagged fissure running like a lightning-flash through

the turf, followed by a gape, an upheaval, a lurch, then a sinkage, and a starring and splitting of the surface. In another moment a chasm yawned before their eyes, three-quarters of a mile long torn across the path, athwart hedges, separating a vast tract of down and undercliff from the mainland, and descending into the bowels of the earth.

Winefred was caught by the shoulder and hurled back.

It was not safe to stand near the lip of this hideous rent, for that lip broke up and fell in masses into the abyss. Cracks started from it, or behind it, and widened, and whole blocks of rock and tracts of turf disappeared. The surface beyond the chasm presented the most appalling appearance. It was in wild movement, breaking up like an ice pack in a thaw. It swayed, danced, fell apart into isolated blocks, some stood up as pillars, some bent as horns, others balanced themselves, then leaned forward, and finally toppled over and disappeared.

In an agony of alarm for her mother, Winefred ran to the bit of isolated land whence the whole scene was visible, even the cottage, and she was followed by Mrs. Jose and Mr. Holwood, who had come up with her.

From this spot of vantage could be discerned how that a wide tract of land, many acres in length, had separated from the main body and was sliding seaward in a tilted position. At the same moment from out the sea rose a black ridge, like the back of a whale, but this drew out and stretched itself parallel to the fissure.

An awed silence had fallen on the spectators as they held their breath to watch the progress of the convulsion that was changing the outline of the coast and transforming its appearance.

But suddenly a cry was heard, and next moment someone was seen running on the sloping and still sliding mass.

It was not Jane Marley. It was a man carrying a carpet-bag.

For some time none could make out who he was; but the Captain of the Excise, who had a glass, exclaimed that he was Dench, the Ferryman. Olver appeared to be panic-stricken to such an extent as to have almost lost his senses. Seeing the crowd he ran towards it, along the path from the cottage till he came upon the gap that was rapidly widening and dividing him at every moment further from the mainland. He seemed as though on board a vessel that was being swept out to sea, and frantically strove to escape from her to those who stood on the wharf observing him. Down into the separating chasm eyes looked, but could not make out the bottom; the depth contained a tossing mass of crumbled chalk and erupted pebble, with occasional squirts of water, some two or three hundred feet below the surface on the land side. It was like a mighty polypus mouth that had opened and was chewing and digesting its food in its throat and belly.

Seeing this, mad with fear, shrieking like a woman, Olver turned and fled, to be again arrested by a mound that lifted before his eyes as though thrown up by a monstrous burrowing mole. Almost immediately this ridge changed its character, it split with a sharp snap, became a rent, and Dench's way was again cut off. Once more he turned, and this time ran in a seaward direction down the inclination, but when he caught sight of the churning water throwing up volumes of mud, and at the uprising slimy reef lifting itself out of the water, he turned again, never letting go his hold of the bag, shrieking still, for in the unparalleled horror of the situation his brain had lost its balance.

Those who looked on at the frantic man knew that it was not within human power to aid him. It was a mighty arena, and the spectators contemplated the solitary flying wretch pursued to his death by the relentless, invisible forces of Nature. Now he sought the cottage. It seemed to him in his dazed condition that he might find shelter there. But the door had been locked by himself and the key cast away.

He stood and wiped from his brow the sweat that rained down and blinded him. And then a gleam of thought lighted his troubled mind. He considered that if he ran eastward and could outstrip the rent as its formed, he might yet attain solid and stationary land.

But those who looked on with bated breath and trembling pulses

overbalanced, dragged backward from the crest by the weight of the bag, and went down with a tuft of wiry grass and hawkweed in his right hand, and disappeared in the midst of the rock and earth that was in process of being chewed. Now the carpet bag, then a leg, next a hand appeared, and went under again. Then up came the head, only next moment to be drawn beneath and disappear in the mighty mill.

CHAPTER L.

JOINED TOGETHER

NOT till evening was setting in was it possible for any to cross the gulf and reach the subsided portion. The chasm itself was some 360 feet across, and into this all the tract between the lips had gone down at various inclinations. Beyond that to the sea something like 440 yards had slipped away in an incline, much dislocated, but with an abrupt face forming one side of the great chasm.

It was of imperious necessity to get to the cottage that could be seen, not ruined, still standing, but leaning to one side, that search might be made for Jane Marley.

It was only made possible by the efforts of Jack Rattenbury, assisted by some of the Bindon labourers placed at his disposal by Mrs. Jose. By his direction a pathway was cut down the face of the chalk precipice on the land side at a point where the ravine was choked with accumulations that had fallen in, and by means of planks and ropes the chasm was passed and the further side ascended, and then Winefred, followed by her father and Mrs. Jose, was enabled, with the assistance of Jack, and walking with wariness, to arrive at the cottage.

It was locked, but when Winefred called, she heard a muffled voice reply from within.

The front door was too stout to be easily broken open, but that at the back yielded and the rescue party entered.

They found Mrs. Marley on the floor. She was in a sitting posture, her hands still bound behind her, her hair dishevelled, but the blood from the wound in her head was staunch. She had succeeded, by some means, in freeing her mouth from the gags. Her eyes were dull. The colour had died from her face, the fire from her

"Mother, are you better?" asked Winefred. "Can you see who is before you?"

"Yes, you are here."

"Not I alone. Here is father."

Jane looked at Mr. Holwood. Perhaps she was too shocked, too exhausted to manifest the resentment that had possessed her. She looked at him steadily, without hate, but also without affection in her eyes.

"Jane, my wife," said he in a faltering voice, "I also have done wrong, and like you I acknowledge it openly. But I am not the wrong you suppose. I have sent every quarter a libelous letter of money to you through Dench, which he retained for himself, and I—I have often had an ache of heart and yearning after you, but have been prevented from coming to see you by the reports of what you were and what you did—slandrous and wicked reports—sent me by that infamous man. I believed him."

"Then you never knew me," said Jane slowly, "and you would not, you could not have believed him."

"I never knew your worth, Jane," said he, "because I had not that worth in me which could appreciate how noble and how good you were. Can you forgive me?"

"I do not know," she said slowly—dreamily. "It is a long story. Nineteen years of desolation and heart-ache—nineteen years is a long time, and in that chain each day is a link, and each link is full of pain."

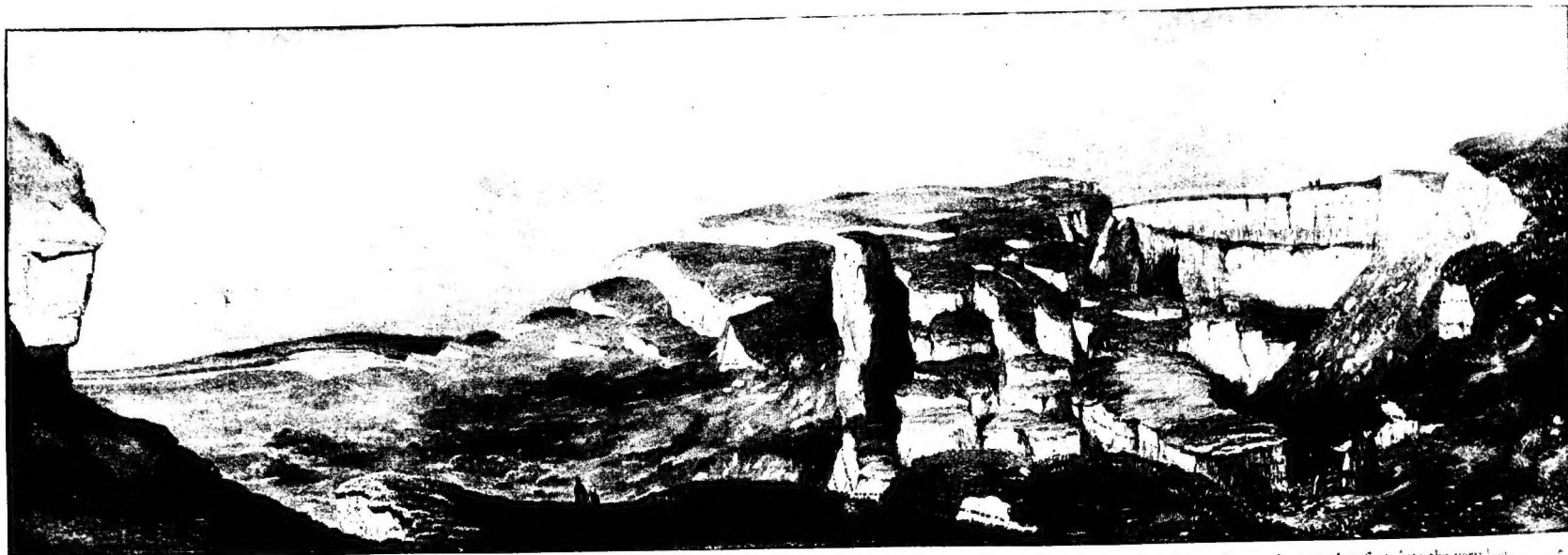
"Jane," said Mr. Holwood, "here is your ring, the one I threw on the floor in the Assembly Rooms at Bath. Will you not take it again?"

"I do not know." She looked at her hand. "My fingers are so swelled."

"Jane," he went on—and Winefred, holding her father, looked earnestly into her face, so changed from what it had been.

"Jane," pursued Mr. Holwood, "I have come here as a suppliant. I am smitten with an incurable disease—perhaps the most terrible and painful that can afflict man. How rapidly it will act I cannot say—but in a year at the outside all will be over. In a little while I shall not be able to speak, for it will begin from my tongue—the tongue you cursed. Jane, Jane! May I not die in your arms?"

Then a shudder ran through the woman; she shook herself free



About midnight on Christmas Day, 1839, a huge fissure began to form which ran in a direct line for three-quarters of a mile. This fissure rapidly widened to 300 feet, descending, as it seemed at first, into the very bowels of the earth, but, as the sides fell in, it finally was choked at a depth of 150 feet.

WHERE OLVER DENCH LOST HIS LIFE: THE LANDSLIP FROM DOWLAND

saw that the attempt must end in failure. Such as stood on the height in security roared out advice to him. He halted, looked in their direction, endeavoured vainly to catch what was said. Men yelled louder, waved their arms, but as none agreed in the advice tendered, the wretch was confused and not assisted.

He continued his run eastward, ran—ran with his full strength, and came abruptly on the edge of a mural precipice, with another world far below his feet covered with brushwood, from which he was cut off by a perpendicular escarpment like one of the walls of a crater in the moon. To that lower world he could not descend. Then again he turned to run in an opposite direction. To such as saw him he was like a fox throwing the bounds off his scent, doubling, retrieving, dodging, but always headed.

And now as he ran he was brought down by his foot suddenly sinking into a crack that was in process of formation, and which he had not seen in his precipitate haste. By the time he had extracted his leg, this crack had become a gash that descended into darkness.

Clinging to a bush, kneeling, as he withdrew his foot, he saw the crumbling chalk dribble into this depth below, and the thought quivered through him that he was going down alive into the bottomless pit.

Rendered crazy with fear he mounted a fragment of rock and saw about him the wreckage as of a world—prostrate trees, leaning pillars of rock, disrupted masses of soil, bushes dragging over to drop into the throats open to swallow them.

There was but one possibility of salvation open to him, to leap the chasm that divided him from the mainland at one point where as yet the width was not extreme, and the feat was not impossible.

But to do this he must act with promptitude. To fail was to fall down that throat to be mumbled and chumped with the grinding rocks. The leap would be considerable, but feasible by any man of moderate activity.

Dench retreated to run.

Those who saw his purpose shouted to him. He looked up at them bewildered.

They called to him to lay aside the carpet bag. His hand was passed through the loops, and it hung from his wrist.

He did not understand what was shouted. Possibly in his then condition of mind he was unconscious that he was still weighted with the bag. He ran, leaped, was flying in space over the chasm, touched the rock on the further side, caught at the grass; but was

heart. She breathed, looking dazedly before her, and seemed listless when her daughter, Mr. Holwood, and the rest entered.

Winefred pulled back what of the curtain remained obscuring the chamber. Through the back door that faced west a stronger light entered and penetrated to the room where Jane crouched. Jack Rattenbury had at once cut the bands that confined her hands, and although the woman was able to bring her arms forward, they were stiff, and her hands frightfully swollen.

Mrs. Jose had run for water, but the spring that had supplied the cottage was dried up. There remained, however, a little in a vessel in the back kitchen, and with this Jane's face was bathed as Winefred rested her mother's head on her bosom. The cuts in her head were not serious. The girl hastened to tie up the dragged hair.

The men who had assisted to make a path had been relegated to the outside. It was probable, if Jane Marley were unable to walk, that they would be required to carry her. Mr. Holwood remained looking at her intently, his weak lower lip fallen. She did not notice him. Her eyes were for her daughter only, who bowed over her, kissed her repeatedly, and whose tears dripped upon her face.

"Are you better now, mother darling? Do you think you could rise?"

Winefred supporting her on one side, Jack on the other, the woman staggered to her feet, and at once recovered self-possession. She raised her head, looked at the wrists and swollen fingers and passed her hands over her eyes.

"It has been a dream, a nightmare," she said. And then asked, "Where is Olver Dench?"

"Oh, mother, do not ask."

"But I desire to know. He has robbed me."

"He is gone to his account."

Jane was silent for a while.

Presently she said, "He carried off everything in a carpet-bag."

"That," said Winefred, "will never be recovered. It has gone down along with him."

"Gone down!" repeated Mrs. Marley, with trouble in her eyes.

"Yes, mother, ask no further. It shall be explained later. If Olver Dench has wronged you—and that he did so I know—God has judged him. Whatsoever of yours he had in that bag is lost never to be recovered."

Jane turned her eyes slowly to Jack and said, "It was your father's savings, hundreds of pounds of gold. I had kept it. I did wrong. I am punished."

from Winefred, stretched her purple hands towards him, and in thrilling tones said: "Oh, Jos! my own Jos! Come to my heart once more."

Thereat Mrs. Jose took Winefred by the arm and drew her into the back kitchen; thither Jack had already withdrawn, and then the good woman wiped her eyes and kissed Winefred—thrust her towards Jack, and said: "You, boy—kiss her too."

Next moment Jane called them.

"I want you here," she said. Once more her voice had acquired some of its firmness and imperiousness, and then they saw her—she was herself again, nay other—youthful, with a tender look in her face and love in her eyes.

"I want you here," she said. "I desire you to ask me for pardon of Jack Rattenbury. I have done you a great wrong, for which I can make no amends. Can you forgive me?"

"No, no," answered the young man. "You have done me no wrong. Whatever it was that my father saved, and that have been better expended than in the purchase of this house, and in the education of Winefred. Give her to me as the last man."

"You must ask him," said Jane—indicating Mr. Holwood.

"If Winefred has her mother's strong will, as I do not doubt she has, Jane, you and I can but accept her selection."

"In a year," said Jack, "I shall be in a position to support a wife."

"About that do not concern yourself," said Mr. Holwood. "I am well off, and all I have shall be hers."

"Nevertheless, I will work," said Jack. "If I have any future time I get something with her, I daresay Captain I will take me into partnership, and we can set up machinery to make of the Beer quarries something great."

"I had a cow, once on a time, you dear mother," interrupted Winefred. "We positively must get back to the old story from there is light, and at Bindon we will hear the end of the story from beginning to end, and will not interrupt."

"But the cow had a calf."

"And we will listen also to the history of the calf."

"Well, well," said Mrs. Jose. "You and Mr. Holwood. What and Mr. Holwood and I will follow with your mother. What a day this has been for rending asunder—and for joining together."

THE END

The Dowland Landslip

Referred to in our Serial Story, "Winifred"

LANDSLIPS have occurred along the coast from Lyme Regis to the Head, beyond the mouth of the Axe to the west at intervals, but only from time immemorial, and, indeed, are still going on, though not on any extensive scale since 1839. The evidence of the phenomena remains at Bindon, Dowland, Rousdon, and Looe, and although the chasms have been much choked, and the steep pinnacles worn down since the last great convulsion, the aspect of the subsided country is still full of romantic beauty, and is singularly curious.

Last midnight on Christmay Day, 1839, a huge fissure began to run which ran in a direct line for three-quarters of a mile. This fissure rapidly widened to 300 feet, descending, as it seemed at first, into the very bowels of the earth, but, as the sides fell in, it finally opened at a depth of 150 feet. A writer, whose reminiscences have been recently published, describes briefly the aspect of the landslip after the sinkage.

"I made over to see this huge landslip. The greater part of a hundred feet or more. Hedges and fields, with their crops of turnips, &c., were undisturbed by the fall, and lay off sharply from the ground a hundred feet above. There was a further dislocated ridge on the shore, which formed a sort of ramp to the slip. On this part were some cottages twisted and broken, but still holding together, and having their gardens and even their wells attached; yet the shock of the falling mass had been so great as to cause the upheaval of an island off shore."

Similar settlements have occurred elsewhere, where chalk rests on a bed of sand or gravel above an impermeable stratum of clay. There was a subsidence, on a much smaller scale, at Hawkley, in 1775, described by White, in his "Natural History of Selborne," and others have occurred in the Isle of Wight. There was also a great subsidence at Beer in the spring of 1790, and one in Wiltshire in 1840.

The Bagdad Railway

GERMANY has reaped the reward of a steadily pursued and intelligently considered policy in the concession recently granted to her of a prolongation of the railway system in Asia Minor to Bagdad, with a promise of a further concession to carry it to the Persian Gulf. The friendship shown to Turkey by the Kaiser throughout the Armenian and Cretan troubles is now publicly explained, although to those who have followed the course of politics in the Near East the explanation was scarcely necessary. For many years past German capital and commercial enterprise have been casting longing glances at Asiatic Turkey, and step by step they have obtained a position there by the side of which the vested interests of British, French, and Russian merchants began to look small, although their trafficking in this region reaches back to a time when the German Empire, as it now is, was unknown, and even undreamed of. Indeed, the project of a Trans-mesopotamian railway was first put forward in England. Long before the Suez Canal was excavated British statesmen and capitalists marked out this route as the ideal short-cut to India, and as far back as 1856 Englishmen obtained the first railway concessions in Asia Minor, with a view to ultimately reaching the Persian Gulf. Unfortunately the enterprise never made any progress, and the few lines built by various companies from points on the western shores never penetrated far into the interior.

The Germans came on to the scene some twelve years ago, when the Württemberg "Vereinsbank" and the Deutsche Bank of Berlin obtained the concession to repair the abandoned railway running from Hama to Pasha to Ismed, and to carry it to Angora. For this purpose they formed the Anatolian Railway Company, with a strong and efficient staff of German engineers. In the winter of 1889-90 the works were commenced, and they were pushed forward with so much energy that within three years they were finished. In June, 1890, Adana was reached; in January, 1891, Lefka; in the following March, Bilejik; in March, 1892, Inonu; three months later Alapa; in the following August Sari-keui; and on the last day of December Angora. Between 1893 and 1896, a branch line was built running from Eskisher to Konia, for which a further concession was obtained. A new company was established to work the concession, which was carried out with the same expedition and efficiency as the main line. The lines are admirably laid out, the stations are well constructed. The companies pay a dividend of 5 per cent., and they have already done much to develop the naturally rich resources of the regions which they run. Since 1896 many attempts have been made by the German Government to obtain concessions for prolongations of the system, but their efforts have met with strong opposition from other Powers. So far as Russia is concerned that opposition has been maintained until quite recently, but it is understood that with France and England an arrangement was arrived at some time ago. The question was practically settled last September when the Deutsche Bank sent a commission to Mesopotamia to study the problem of carrying the railway to Bagdad. It was not, however, until the end of last month that the concession was finally granted.

The political importance of the new railway is enormous. It will not only give Turkey a new lease of life, inasmuch as it will increase the prosperity of the Empire, but it will give

Germany a deep interest in maintaining the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, an end for which British policy has always striven in view of the possibility of establishing land communication from the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf. It will also give Germany an equally deep interest in the good government and stability of the Ottoman Empire, and in this respect will forward aims to which the British people are much attracted. The railway will thus establish a fresh identity of interests between this country and Germany, and on that account, besides its commercial importance, it must be viewed with complete satisfaction by Englishmen.

"Place aux Dames"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

THE continual bad news from the seat of war depresses everyone. Even weddings are celebrated with a certain quiet and restraint, and the gloomy atmosphere, the foggy air detracts from the beauty of the marriage robes. Lady Cromartie's marriage ceremony was as bright and pretty as possible under the circumstances, and the bride, with her dark eyes and hair, arrayed in cloth of gold, white satin and fine old lace, looked very well, surrounded by a fair bevy of bridesmaids. However the fashions may change, the bridal dress and ceremony never alter, and, perhaps, the time a girl looks best in all her life is in her wedding finery. The pure white matches so perfectly with the young face, and the flowers and the bright toilettes of her friends. Any attempt to institute marriage in ordinary morning dress, will never meet with

have this peculiarity, that while they were never so dear, never were they so cheap. Our mothers did not pay as much for gala dresses as we do now, but, *per contra*, they never paid so little as the average girl does for her neat, trim, tailor-made gowns. To be well and appropriately dressed costs nothing; to be a leader of fashion means an almost ruinous sum. A sable cloak, for instance, like the two presented by the Duchess of Sutherland to Lady Cromartie and Lady Castlereagh, costs at least 530*l.* to 700*l.*, and no *élégante* considers her wardrobe complete without one of these costly and delightful garments.

Everyone must condole with Lord and Lady Roberts in the deep grief that has befallen them. To lose one's only son, a bright and promising young life, is indeed a sore trial, and the trial is scarcely diminished by the knowledge that he died well and fighting for his country. Lady Roberts is now called upon to part with her husband, that resourceful hero, in whom the whole country believes. He has a splendid record, and will, we trust, set the crown to his career by carrying out this arduous campaign to a successful termination. Meanwhile Lady Roberts, in her bereavement, will possess the tender sympathy of every wife and mother.

A pretty and touching sight must have been the ceremony of presenting the Queen's flag to the *Alain*, and the blessing of the ship. For the first time, and let us hope not for the last, the American and British flag have floated side by side. The incalculable comfort of these hospital ships, of which there are still too few, to the weary man racked with pain, tortured and maimed, who comes from the cruel battlefield to find peace, fresh air, comforts, and the cool, quiet hands of the skilled nurse beside him, cannot be too highly rated. Many a man's life depends on the circumstances under which he is nursed

back to health, and now that we have every luxury of appliance, every invention that science and knowledge can provide, our brave wounded men should at any rate have the benefit of them. A hospital ship is as blessed a craft as the Flying Dutchman's vessel was accursed, and God's grace should hover over it, bringing peace and happiness to all its inmates.

Society has sustained a loss in the person of Madame de Falbe, who for many years entertained delightfully in London, at Luton Hoo, and also on board her yacht and at her villa at Cannes. One of the most beautiful women of her day, she was much beloved for her kindness of heart and her generous hospitality. Her third husband, Mr. de Falbe, was at one time Danish Minister here, and enjoyed as much popularity as his amiable wife. With the closing of her *salon*, another of the well-known resorts of the last generation comes to an end. She will be much regretted by her friends.

The influenza fiend is on us again, Doctors hurry to and fro to patients' houses, and engagements are constantly being put off, owing to indisposition. Even medical men themselves do not escape, and Dr. Robson Roose, who worked on heroically while stricken with the disease, has been suffering from pleurisy. Of all minor ills influenza is perhaps the worst. It depresses one's vitality, saps one's strength, weakens one's will, and reduces the strongest man

to a mere bundle of aching nerves. The great thing is to give in time, and not to attempt to fight so insidious and potent a foe. When once the attack comes on, the only thing to do is to go ignominiously to bed, and at once send for a doctor.

Books of Reference

"BURDETT'S HOSPITALS AND CHARITIES" (the Scientific Press) is late in making its appearance this year, but we understand that in future the volume is to appear regularly in March. There is no other book that covers the whole of the ground that this volume does, containing as it does not only a complete guide to hospitals and charities, British, Colonial, and American, but also chapters on the management, revenue, and cost of charities, and an exhaustive record of hospital work for the year—"Hazzell's Annual" (Hazzell, Watson and Viney), which has now reached its fourteenth year of issue, is one of those books which have become indispensable. It occupies a position of its own. It is exactly what it professes to be, "a cyclopaedic record of men and topics of the day," "Hazzell's," always up-to-date, contains articles on topics likely to be prominent in its year of issue. Thus, the Transvaal, the French Treaty Shore Question, and other current topics at home and abroad are given due prominence.—"Every Man's Own Lawyer" (Crosby, Lockwood and Son), the twenty-seventh edition of which is now published, has for its object to enable those who consult it to help themselves to the law, and thereby dispense as far as possible with professional assistance and advice. The volume is very useful, and gives a good summary of laws affecting private individuals.—"The Royal Navy List Diary," which is issued for the third successive year, is a capital publication. The Diary portion is arranged to give a whole page to a day. Added to this are some admirable articles—a calendar of notable naval events, an obituary for the year, and a list of the benevolent funds and institutions in connection with the Navy. A welcome novelty in the 1900 edition is a table giving the colours of medal ribbons of the various British war medals, orders and decorations granted to the Navy during this century.

unanimous approval. For despite all the abuse lavished on wedlock by those advanced persons who regard it as slavery and degradation of woman, woman herself loves to celebrate and remember and do honour to her wedding day, and would as soon be deprived of her white satin, her orange blossoms, and her wedding cake, as of the right to live.

I have received so many applications for the address of the poem written by Lady Lindsay that I may as well say it can be obtained of the authoress herself at 41, Hans Place, S.W. While the glory and the bravery of the men have rightly been largely celebrated, it is well also that the patient suffering of the women should find its sympathetic poet.

Undesired misery, caused by the blundering of someone, always makes the Englishwoman's blood boil, but what are we to say of the latest horror, the shipload of suffering crowded with sick, with women and children packed closely, terribly underfed, without clothes or comforts of any kind or means of washing, with half a dozen basins among five hundred women? Naturally babies died, naturally children suffered, and when this wretched mass of humanity landed on our inclement shores, there was not even an official to receive them. What is the use of the large fund so cheerfully contributed by the British people if it is not to meet emergencies like these? Why was the ship not better victualled, and why were not clothes and a sick nurse or two provided by those who have large funds at their disposal? The patience and cheerfulness of the women were beyond praise, but who can tell the horrors of that dreadful voyage, the memory of which must haunt some of these poor souls to their dying day?

Men live, men die, women weep, but the rigid monotony of everyday life continues. Sales are now announced before Christmas instead of after, and wonderful are the bargains to be picked up at this season from the very best shops. Tailor-made coats and skirts always prove a profitable investment, and the cheapness of these is really something marvellous. One cannot understand how it can pay firms to sell off new, well-made, and well-cut costumes at the price they are doing. Clothes



Last week a performance was given at Olympia for the benefit of the funds which are sending out the hospital ships, the *Princess of Wales* and the *Maine*. The Prince and Princess of Wales were received by Lady Randolph Churchill, Mrs. Renaldi, Mrs. Van Duzer, and Mrs. Blow on behalf of the committee of the hospital ship *Maine*, and by Mr. Edward Cleary on behalf of Olympia. For some reason or other the band omitted to play

the National Anthem as the Prince and Princess entered the Royal Box, and consequently the and the upon itself the task of welcoming them—which it did with three cheers and one cheer more. Needless to say the entertainment went with even more than its accustomed zest, and that the Kaffirs and the natives performed prodigies of simulated valour.

FOR THE HOSPITAL SHIPS: THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT OLYMPIA

DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL



DRAWN BY W. SMALL

There was a scene of wild enthusiasm at the railway goods yard, Cape Town, when the New Zealand contingent was despatched northwards in two special trains. The station yard was packed with people, who cheered again and again, sang "God Save the Queen," and then cheered for all they were worth at intervals until the trains had disappeared round the curve by the Castle. The pipers of the Cape Town Highlanders and a band of brass instruments played by turns during the entraining of the men, and their baggage, which included three days rations drawn from the Imperial base depot

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. E. BRUTON, CAPE TOWN

A HEARTY SEND-OFF BY THE CAPE TOWN HIGHLANDERS: THE NEW ZEALAND CONTINGENT LEAVING CAPE TOWN FOR THE FRONT

This Army he has helped to fashion, and it was to wield the instrument which he had done so much to fashion, finally, to bring it down with steam-hammer force upon the head of barbarism at Omdurman. He is the genius incarnate of the organisation, our highest type of scientific soldier, a man of machine-like precision of his calculating mind, the cold, logical architect of victory; while to the virtues of the soldier he has added, as finally manifested on the plains of Omdurman, the qualities of the restrained and polished diplomatist. He has won at Fashoda.

Chronicle of the War

By CHARLES LOWE

A Week of Humiliation

It is since the British public lived through such a week of humiliation as the past—yet accompanied with a stern determination to meet with all the swiftness of inflexibly resolute action from our hands the state of sackcloth and ashes. To put it otherwise, the British public have never passed a more anxious week than the last. They were in doubt as to the siege of Delhi and Sir Colville's march for the relief of Lucknow. Thrice within the space of seven days our bitter breakfast-table reading was of reverses to the British arms—reverses due to traps, ambushes, and crafty circumventions on the part of the Boers, and not to the slightest lack of bravery and endurance on the part of our troops. Gatacre might have blundered, said the optimists; but Methuen, the Steinmetz of the war, would be all right. Soon he was shaking hands with Kekewich in Kimberley, right, and then Blücher and Wellington after Waterloo, with Mr. Cecil Rhodes prominently looking on. But scarcely had we all recovered from the shock of the Stormberg surprise, when the massacre of Magersfontein came upon us like another thunderclap, and when we were all trying to make out the meaning of Methuen's brief and bewildering despatch.

The Magersfontein Reverse

It was only when the war correspondents came to the rescue that we were enabled to realise the true nature of the fatality in which Lord Methuen's fourth hammer-and-tongs action was rendered an action which was not so much a battle as a battue, the slatted big game being the splendid soldiers of the Highland Brigade. "Some one had blundered," though it is not so easy to allocate the blame, for the living have not yet tendered their explanations, and the dead can no longer speak. But one vital fact we learned from the Magersfontein massacre—the fact, namely, that the Boers have already modified their tactics to frustrate our method of attack. It is pretty certain that the Boers mainly owed their earlier defeats—at Glencoe and Elands Laagte in particular—to the fact of their having taken up their defensive positions on the brows of their steep hills and kopjes, which consequently presented to our troops a good deal of what is called "dead ground," or shelter slopes which their plunging fire could not reach, and which thus enabled our men to creep up to within a short distance of their foes and gather themselves for the foot rush. But now the Boers would appear to have changed all that, and instead of taking up a position on the crests of their kopjes they entrenched themselves at the foot, which thus gives them the advantage of an uninterrupted fire-zone; and from the German Emperor—who had experimented with this form of impediment to stormers at the great autumn manoeuvres which he held in the province of Hanover in the second year (1899) of his accession—they would now appear to have borrowed the practice of fronting their entrenchments with fence-work, which retarded barbed wire. It was this unexpected detail which impeded the bayonet rush of the Highlanders, though some of them actually got into the Boer trenches, and enabled them to lie down like grouse at a drive of those game-birds among their native hills. This was after they had broken from the quarter column formed by their leader, Andrew Wauchope, had unaccountably retreated them to within a few hundred yards of the Boer entrenchment, which had been assumed to be on the brow, instead of at the bottom, of the Magersfontein kopjes. He was one of the first to pay the penalty of his blunder with his own life—his body, when it was afterwards recovered, being found to be singularly riddled with bullets. His funeral was an impressive affair. "Lord Methuen and his staff were present," said an eye-witness. "The procession was composed entirely of the Highland Brigade, headed by the pipers of the Black Watch. The Highland Chaplain read the Service, the Highlanders forming a hollow square round the grave. Several officers present, who had served under General Wauchope in Egypt, gave way to tears as they gazed on his dead face, and the brigade filed past the grave to take a last look at the General they loved so well—and then sighed to think that they had lost not only him, but more than 700 of their own Highland comrades, of whom nearly half were contributed by the Black Watch. The total loss at Magersfontein was about 832, including fifteen officers killed and nearly 200 wounded; though the general list of wounded, most of them seriously, was very long in proportion to the killed. While the corresponding losses of the Boers were not yet known;

but they admitted that one of their commandos—composed of "Scandinavians"—which may be taken to mean Germans and other anti-British Uitlanders—was absolutely wiped out by the lyddite shell-fire of our artillery, which again behaved splendidly, and, in conjunction with the Guards, who frustrated an attempt of Cronje to turn Lord Methuen's right, prevented the day from ending in our ruin, instead of merely inflicting on us a humiliating reverse. Yet, after all, it was only a reverse, a check, which compelled Lord Methuen to retire no further than to the position on the Modder River from which he had that morning emerged to offer battle to the Boers, and from that entrenched position he continued to send out guns from time to time to shell the enemy and make him reveal his fresh dispositions. *Uno avulso, non deficit alter.* The Highland Brigade had lost its brave and beloved leader, Wauchope; but, nevertheless, it hailed with joy and pride immediate announcement that another and equally congenial commander would be given to it in the person of Colonel Hector Macdonald, who had saved the day at Omdurman, and will doubtless again save another day at the head of his devoted Highlanders among the Boer hills.

General Tucker, too, commanding at Secunderabad, as Macdonald commanded at Sirhind, was at once ordered to the front, in consequence of the disasters at Stormberg and Magersfontein.

The Disaster on the Tugela River

But the ink of those appointments had scarcely dried when

the longest and most lucid of any of the official messages which have hitherto reached us from the seat of war, but it was, nevertheless, far from being clear and coherent on all points. It was subsequently supplemented by several messages from the war correspondents, but all these bore unmistakable evidence of having been severely cut about by the censor in the field, with the result that the British public, who have every right to know the truth about the course of what has now assumed the dimensions of such a colossal and all-important campaign, were unable to piece together for themselves anything like a clear and non-contradictory account of what really occurred at Colenso in connection with Buller's unsuccessful first attempt to force the passage of the Tugela. In his own despatch Buller made no mention of Clery, who was assumed by some to have struck secretly away to the north-west with intent to turn the Boer flank. But Clery appears to have been there all the same, with the four brigades of Hart, Hildyard, Lyttelton and Barton; and if any flanking movement on our part was ever contemplated it was not carried out—the whole affair having again taken the form of a hammer-and-tongs, drum-and-trumpet, boxer-slogging frontal attack by two drifts over the Tugela only a couple of miles apart. Whether the Boers were all on the north side of the river, or whether some of them were entrenched on the southern side, could not by any process of careful induction be gathered from the accounts; but part of Hart's Irish Brigade on Buller's left appears to have actually pushed across the stream,

and all might have gone well with it and the rest of the attack had not the artillery under Colonel Long, who was co-operating with Hildyard's brigade on the right by Colenso, been caught in a trap and very soon put out of action by the murderous fire of the Boer riflemen, of whom, according to Buller, the river itself "was full." In his eagerness for action, Colonel Long, who was himself severely wounded, had rushed his guns—eighteen of them, including six naval twelve-pounders—forward towards the river bank without having reconnoitred his terrain beforehand, and without any escort of any kind—with the result, inevitable according to the drill-books, that his gunners were overtaken by a disaster more serious than has happened to our Royal Artillery since the catastrophic day of Maiwand, and that Buller was compelled to retire all his battered force to Chieveley, the poorer by eleven guns—which did not, however, fall into the immediate possession of the Boers—and about eleven hundred men.

The Call to Arms

It was very black and bitter reading for us all—the more so as these repeated defeats of ours had produced the immediate effect of widespread rebellion among the Dutch waverers in our colonies. But even by a French writer it was admitted that we took our misfortunes with the serene composure of a great people, and with the stern determination to rise superior to our reverses—national feelings these which were clearly expressed on the solemn, resolute features of the vast congregation that crowded St. Paul's on Tuesday last at a great memorial service in honour of the slain. Moreover, the whole nation had already heard with a sigh of relief that the Government had lost no time in realising the seriousness of the situation which had thus been created in South Africa—mainly through its having under-estimated the difficulties of the war problem

with which it was at first called upon to deal; that it had called upon Lord Roberts, aided by Lord Kitchener as Chief of his Staff, to repair at once to South Africa, and take over the supreme command of the operations—thus enabling Buller to confine his energies to the theatre of war in Natal; and that it had also taken various military measures calculated to raise our fighting force to the formidable total of about 150,000 men—measures which include the calling out of all the rest of the Army Reserve, the immediate despatch of the Seventh Division, together with artillery reinforcements comprising three howitzer batteries, the raising of more local mounted corps in South Africa, the utilisation over sea of nine battalions of Militia, the acceptance of more contingents from the Colonies, and of offers of men from our own Yeomanry and Volunteers. The former will be embodied in a force to be called "The Imperial Yeomanry," organised in companies of 115 rank and file, with five officers—the term of enlistment to be for one year, or not less than the period of the war. The same time conditions also apply to the Volunteers, of whom a carefully selected company of 110 rank and file, officered by one captain and three subalterns, will be raised (one for each British line battalion serving in, or about to proceed to, South Africa) from the Volunteer battalions of the territorial regiment. These Volunteer companies will, as a general rule, take the place in the line battalion of the company, which is serving as mounted infantry. The Volunteer battalions from which a company is accepted will form and maintain a waiting company in reserve at home.



MAJOR-GENERAL LORD KITCHENER
APPOINTED CHIEF OF THE STAFF TO LORD ROBERTS IN SOUTH AFRICA
From a Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street

still more significant nominations had to be made to the army of South Africa, with the object of repairing our shattered prestige. For, while the columns of all our morning papers were still bristling with the names of the victims of Magersfontein, those slaughter-lists had in turn to be crowded out by the catalogue of a still more humiliating and disastrous catastrophe at Colenso to the arms of General Buller himself. One poor little plum of consolation had in the meanwhile been offered us, by the news that Boer assaults had been handsomely repulsed at Mafeking, Kuruman, and Kimberley; and that General French with his cavalry on the centre line of our advance had beaten off a body of 1,800 Boers—though even French had subsequently to retire from Vaalkop toward Naauwpoort owing to his guns having been outranged by the superior artillery of the enemy. But all those things were completely thrown into the shade by the stupefying announcement that Buller, on Friday, the 15th inst., had failed in his attempt to force the passage of the Tugela at Colenso and lost eleven guns, or nearly two batteries, in the vain attempt, in addition to over 1,000 of his men, which was so far the biggest casualty list of any battle in the war, bringing up our total loss in killed, wounded, and "missing"—that vilely euphemistic word "missing"—for the two months of the campaign to well on to 8,000 men, or an entire Infantry Division! President Kruger had declared that, if he went to war with us, he would "stagger humanity," but he has, at least, so far, kept his word as to startle, if not stupefy, us. Buller himself was the first to inform us of his defeat, in a despatch which was



A WELCOME MESSENGER: HOW THE FIRST NEWS WAS BROUGHT FROM LADYSMITH

The Zulu was accompanied to Estcourt and then set out for Ladysmith. Knowing the district well, he was able to move quickly from trail to trail. He was stopped a number of times by the enemy, but was always equal to the emergency. Once he was detained prisoner, but managed to escape and reach Ladysmith. There he delivered his message to the beleaguered garrison.

He then set out on his return journey, with a young Zulu, who was to bring him news of the garrison. The Zulu was stopped by the enemy, but managed to escape and reach Ladysmith. There he delivered his message to the beleaguered garrison.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY L. S. GRIEVES

THE BEST OF COMRADES: SOLDIERS CHEERING BLUEJACKETS LEAVING DURBAN IN AN ARMORED TRAIN

DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

Our Portraits

COLONEL LONG, of the Royal Artillery, is the officer who, in his desire to be within effective range of the enemy at the battle of



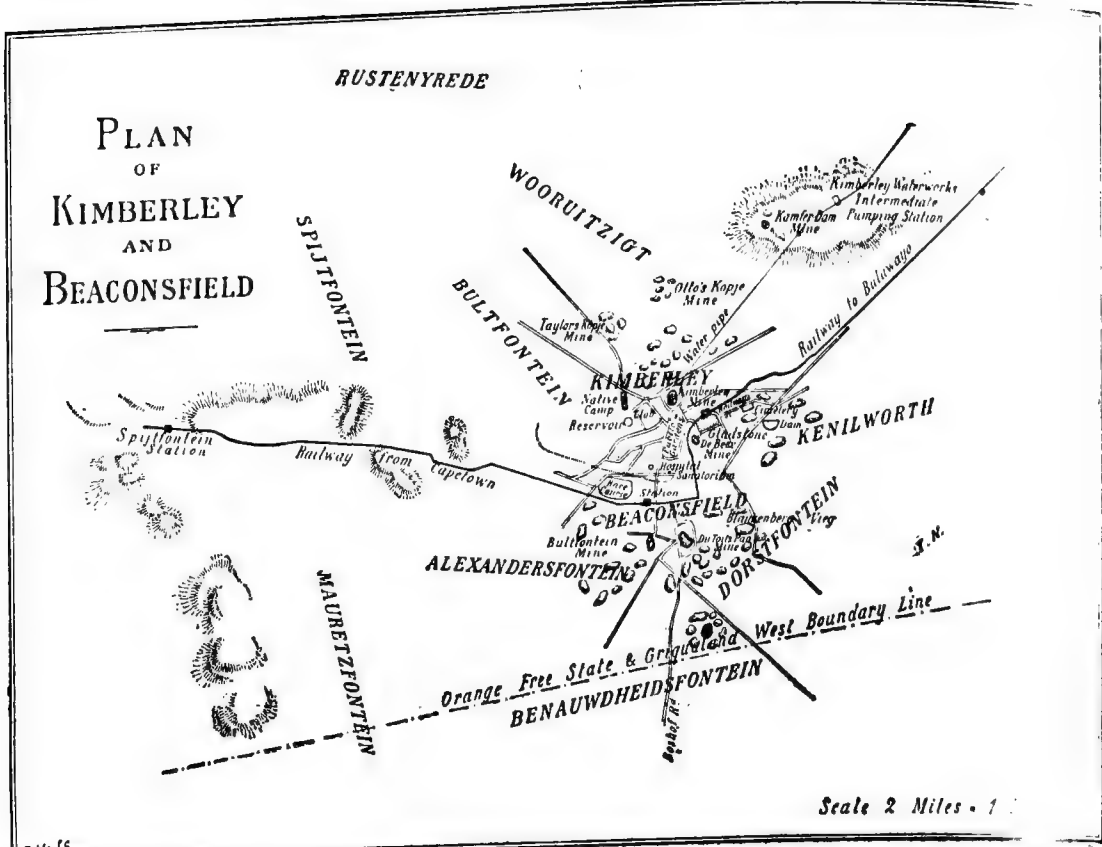
COLONEL LONG, R.A.
Wounded at Colenso

Colenso, when General Buller met with his reverse, advanced (with the 14th and 66th Field Batteries and six Naval 12-pounder quick-firing guns) too close to the river—the Tugela. The river proved to be full of the enemy, who opened a galling fire at close range, killing all the horses, with the result that the guns had to be abandoned.

Lord Chesham, who has been authorised to organise a force of 3,000 Yeomanry, which is to proceed to South Africa immediately under his command, is under fifty years of age, and has served in the

Coldstream Guards and in the 16th Lancers. He is the Commanding Officer of the Royal Bucks Yeomanry, which has the distinction of being one of the smartest Yeomanry regiments in the country. This will not be the first time that members of this valuable auxiliary force have served in Africa. A good many took service in the Irregular Cavalry raised by Lord Methuen for the purpose of dealing with the troubles in Bechuanaland in 1884-85. Our portrait is by J. Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

Major-General Sir H. C. Chermide, K.C.M.G., late of the Royal Engineers, who has been appointed to command the Fourteenth Brigade of the Seventh Division, was born in 1856, and entered the



One of the brightest features of the war has been the gallant defence of Kimberley, where all the troops, except a battery of the 1st Buffs, were easily turned into ramparts and forts. It will be seen that those to the eastward of the Premier (Wessellon) Mine run right down to the Orange Free State boundary line. The straight lines on the plan are farm boundaries. The fortifications on the debris heaps have been surrounded with barbed wire fences, 10 ft. high, the spaces between the lines of wire being only 6 in. The distances of these fences from the fortifications render any assault by the enemy a very difficult matter, and one which is quite outside the range of Boer warfare, since they would have to cross a large space of open ground under a heavy fire of sniping from the lines. To the north will be seen the Kimberley Waterworks intermediate pumping station, which the Boers unsuccessfully attempted to capture on October 14. To the south, about ten and a half miles from Kimberley, lies Spytfontein, where the Boers massed their forces in order to give battle to Lord Methuen's relieving column.

THE GALLANT DEFENCE OF KIMBERLEY: PLAN OF THE TOWN

Kurdistan, and from 1889-96 Military Attaché at Constantinople. Our portrait is by the London Stereoscopic Company.

the siege of Mafeking, was made prisoner by the Boers on her return to Mafeking after a daring journey which she made to



COLONEL HECTOR MACDONALD
To command a Brigade in South Africa



LADY SARAH WILSON
Taken prisoner by the Boers near Mafeking



LORD CHESHAM
Authorised to organise a force of 3,000 Yeomanry for the Cape



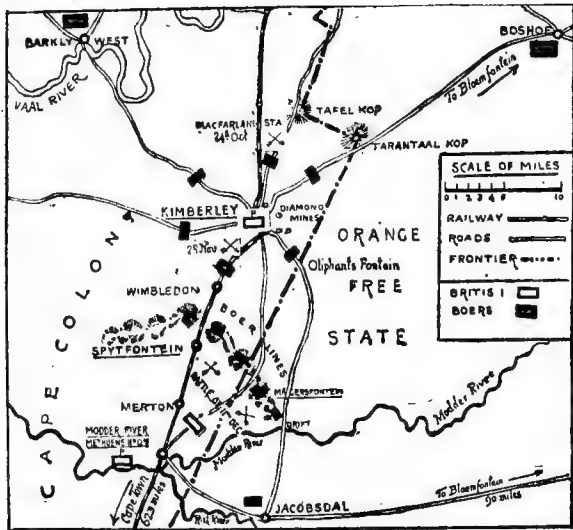
MAJ.-GEN. SIR H. C. CHERMIDE
Commanding the 14th Brigade South Africa

Army in 1868. He was Military Attaché during the Turko-Russian War of 1877-78; was in the Egyptian Expedition of 1882, took part in the Suakin Expedition of 1884-5, and in 1889 commanded the forces at Sarras (Soudan). From 1888-9 he was Consul for

Lady Sarah Wilson, sister of Lord Randolph Churchill, who was with her husband, Captain Gordon Wilson, for several weeks before

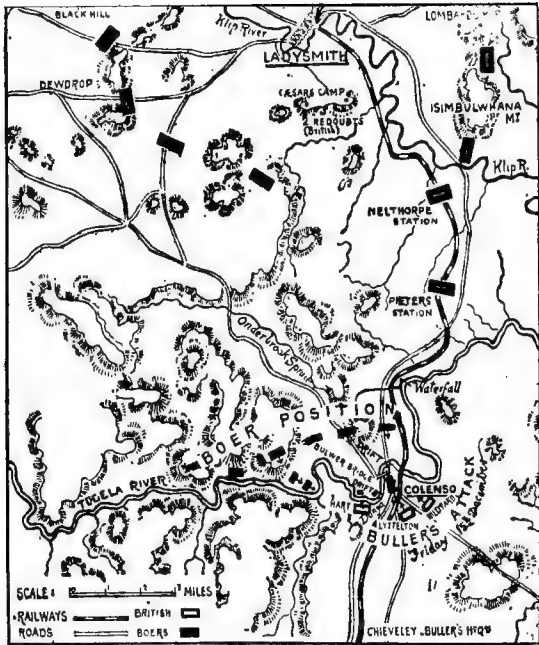
Kuruman and the Setlagoti River, south-west of the Orange River, proposing an exchange of prisoners, and especially offering to exchange Lady Sarah for a Boer lady in Mafeking, and it is said that the exchange has been effected. Our portrait is by F. & J. Fry, Baker Street.

Brigadier-General Hector Archibald Macdonald, who has been



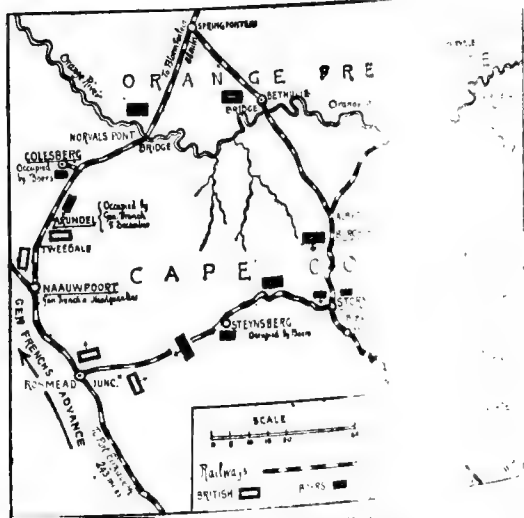
MAP SHOWING THE RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE BOERS UNDER CRONJE AND LORD METHUEN'S FORCE

After Lord Methuen's unsuccessful attack, on the 11th instant, upon the Boer positions at Spytfontein and Magersfontein, which bar his advance to the relief of Kimberley, the main body of the British force was withdrawn to the camp on the Modder River, the Boers also remaining in their strongly fortified position on the ridge of hills, the western portion of which are at Spytfontein and the eastern portion at Magersfontein. The Boers have also occupied the kopjes on the west of the railway line, and are in force at Jacobsdal. On Friday, the 15th instant, Lord Methuen moved out of his camp on the Modder River with one brigade, supported by artillery, reconnoitred the Boer position, and shelled it, dismantling one of the guns and retiring without loss. The Boer force on the Spytfontein-Magersfontein line is estimated at 20,000.



MAP SHOWING THE ATTEMPTED PASSAGE OF THE RIVER BY GENERAL BULLER ON DECEMBER 15TH

General Buller, moving from his headquarters at Chieveley, about four miles south of Colenso, attempted on Friday, the 15th inst., the passage of the Tugela River by the two drifts, one above and the other below Colenso, the drifts being about two miles apart. General Hart's brigade attacked the left or upper drift; General Hildyard's the lower or right drift; while General Lyttelton was in the centre, between the two. The attack on both the drifts failed, and the artillery, approaching too close to the river, were put out of action, almost all the horses having been shot down by the Boers. Ten guns were abandoned, and one destroyed. General Buller drew off the troops and retired to his camp at Chieveley.



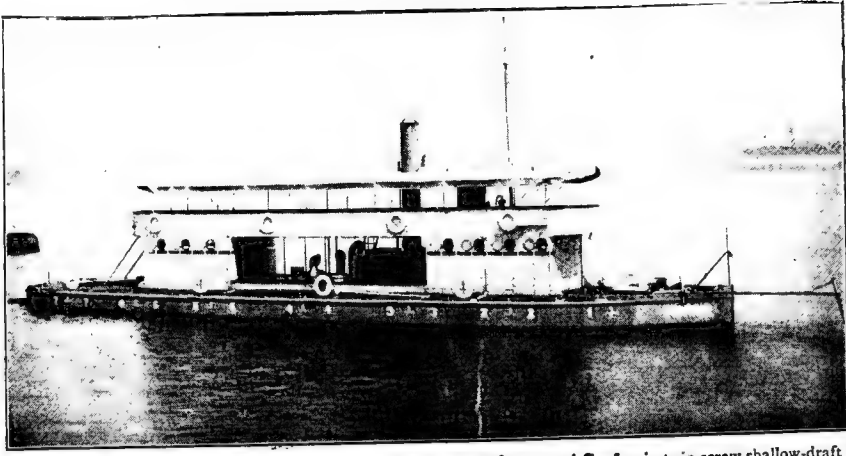
MAP SHOWING THE OPERATIONS OF THE ORANGE FREE STATE AND FRENCH

The columns of Generals Gatacre and French are on the railway which runs from East London and Port Elizabeth north-westerly direction to the Orange River, which is the boundary of the Orange Free State. General Gatacre's column, at Stormberg on the 10th inst., fell back upon Stormberg, and General Buller's column, which has pushed on to the Port Elizabeth line, a point nearly five miles from Gatacre, and seems to be able to hold his own, is also practically covering Lord Methuen's line of flank.

appointed to the command of the Highland Brigade belonging to Lord Methuen's force, in place of the late General Wauchope, is now in the Sirhind District in India, and will proceed at once to take up his command in South Africa. Brigadier-General Macdonald served in the Afghan War of 1879-80, in the operations around Cabul, and in the engagement at Charasiah. He accompanied Sir Frederick Roberts in the march to Cabul, and was present at the battle of Candahar, where he was promoted second lieutenant. His next service was in the Boer War of 1881. He was present at the engagement at Majuba Hill. During the Nile Expedition in 1885 he was Garrison-Adjutant at Assiout, and in 1888 he was at Suakin, and was present at the battles of Gemaizah, and in the following year at Toski. In 1891 he was at Tokar. During the campaign of 1896, in the Soudan, he served with the Dongola Expeditionary Force, under Sir Herbert Kitchener, and was at the action at Firket. When, in the final operations against Khartoum, he commanded a brigade of Kitchener's force, his prompt and effective handling of his brigade at a critical period of the battle of Omdurman had an important influence in deciding the fortunes of the day. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

VICTIMS OF THE WAR

Lieutenant the Hon. Frederick Hugh Sherston Roberts, who died of a wound received at the Tugela River, was the only surviving son of Field-Marshal Lord Roberts. He took part in the Isazai Expedition of 1892; in the Waziristan Expedition of 1894-5, as orderly to the General Officer commanding, when he obtained



Some two years ago the Admiralty gave an order to Messrs. Yarrow and Co. for six twin-screw shallow-draft gunboats, of the *Heron* type. Two of them, the *Robin* and *Nightingale*, are being got ready for shipment to the Cape. It will be remembered that they are subdivided into a number of floatable sections, arranged in such a way that these sections can be united while afloat, thus enabling them to be put together very rapidly, and at the same time they are capable of fairly easy transport.

A SHALLOW-DRAFT GUNBOAT FOR SOUTH AFRICA

mention in despatches; in the operations in Chitral with the Relief Force in 1895; and in the Nile Expedition of last year, as extra aide-de-camp to the General Officer commanding in chief, when he was again mentioned in despatches. Lieutenant Roberts was wounded in the stomach while trying to rescue the guns, which had to be abandoned. Our portrait is by Chancellor, Dublin.

Captain William Edmond John Bradshaw, killed at Orange River, was thirty-one years of age, having been born on June 20, 1868. He was engaged on Staff service with the Egyptian army from January, 1898, to January, 1899, and took part in the Nile

Expedition of last year, and was engaged in the battle of the Atbara and at the taking of Khartoum. Our portrait is by Gill, Colchester.

Second-Lieutenant J. R. McOran Campbell, of the 1st Battalion Gordon Highlanders, who died of wounds received at Magersfontein, only joined his regiment in May of this year. Our portrait is by Mayall and Co., Piccadilly.

Captain J. C. Knapp commanded a squadron of the Imperial Light Horse, and after taking part in the battles of Elands Laagte, Rietfontein and Ladysmith, was shot dead in a sortie on November 3. At the outbreak of the South African War of 1877-8 he joined the Cape Mounted Rifles. He served through the campaign and obtained the medal. Subsequently he was offered a commission in the Cape Regular Infantry, which he held till the disbandment of that force. Captain Knapp was one of the pioneers of Matabeleland, and helped to organise the Rhodesia Horse. At the outbreak of the present war he was offered the command of a squadron by Colonel Plumer, but had already volunteered his services to his old

friend, Major Wools Sampson in the raising of the Imperial Light Horse. Captain Knapp was extremely popular, both among his brother officers and men. He was forty-three years of age. Our portrait is by Bassano, Old Bond Street.

Lieutenant-Colonel John Henry Collier Coode, of the 2nd Black Watch, who was killed at Magersfontein, was forty-three years of age, and entered the Army in September, 1875. He served as adjutant to the Auxiliary Forces from May, 1884, to May, 1889. Our portrait is by Charles Knight, Aldershot.

Valete.

CHRISTMAS, 1899.

E. W. HOWSON.
Voice
Marziale.
Not too fast.
1. We have
2. For
Piano
Marziale.
Not too fast.
p
bid them all good-bye! They have gone to do and die, And sailed a-way to southward o'er the
them the Christmas bells will be drown'd in burst-ing shells And the sputter of the Maxim on the
foam height, O - be-dient to the call, they are fight-ing for us all While
And ly-ing on the plain will be men in mor-tal pain, While
cres.

VALETE
Animato. Full Chorus
we are keeping Christmas here at home. So cheer, boys, cheer, that
we are keeping Christmas here to-night.
Animato.
all the world may hear, For our sol-diers and sai-lor-lads a-far, May
rit. a tempo.
vic-tory at-tend them, and God Himself de-fend them And bring them back in triumph from the
rit. a tempo.
war! And bring them back in tri-umph from the war!
poco rit. a tempo.
poco rit. ben marcato.

THE WORDS AND MUSIC OF THIS SONG ARE REPRODUCED BY THE COURTEOUS PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. NOVELLO AND CO., LIMITED, BERNERS STREET, OXFORD STREET

We have bid them all good-bye! They have gone to do and die,
And sailed away to southward o'er the foam.
Obedient to the call, they are fighting for us all
While we are keeping Christmas here at home.
Chorus.—So cheer, boys, cheer, that all the world may hear,
For our soldiers and sailor-lads afar,
May victory attend them, and God Himself defend them
And bring them back in triumph from the war!

For them the Christmas bells will be drowned in bursting shells
And the sputter of the Maxim on the height,
And lying on the plain will be men in mortal pain,
While we are keeping Christmas here to-night.
Chorus.—So cheer, boys, &c.

O Brothers of our Race who have gone to take your place
To help our Queen and Country in the fight,

We can ne'er repay the debt, but Britons won't forget
To drink your health at Christmas here to-night.
Chorus.—So cheer, boys, &c.

When the long sad list is read of the wounded and the dead,
And you pity all the weary hearts that ache,
Go, help the child and wife of the hero in the strife
Who is fighting hard at Christmas for your sake.
Chorus.—So cheer, boys, &c



DRAWN BY W. HATHERRELL, R.I.

FROM A SKETCH BY A BRITISH OFFICER

THE HERALD OF THE DAWN: THE FIRST SHOT OF THE DAY FIRED BY A NAVAL GUN AT LADYSMITH

ALLEN

2



Our illustration represents (exact size) the lid of one of the boxes of chocolate that the Queen is sending out to the troops in South Africa. Her Majesty ordered 120,000 packets of chocolate, and the order was divided between Messrs. J. S. Fry and Sons, Limited, Messrs. Cadbury Brothers, Limited, and Messrs. Rowntree and Co. Each packet contains half a pound of chocolate, and is enclosed in a tin box specially designed. Each firm was invited to submit a design, and the choice fell on that submitted by Messrs. Fry, the design being the work of Messrs. Barclay and Fry, Southwark. All the boxes have been made to the same pattern. The design is striking and original, and the tins will doubtless be retained, as interesting souvenirs of a trying and eventful campaign, by the recipients. The decorations have been carried out in accordance with special instructions issued by Her Majesty. In the centre of the lid, on a red background edged with blue, is a large medallion of the Queen. On one side, in blue, white and gold, is the Royal monogram, and on the other "South Africa, 1900," while underneath in facsimile of Her Majesty's handwriting is the inscription "I wish you a happy New Year." The Queen's wish is that none but her soldiers shall receive the tins, and special orders have been issued that no more than the required number shall be manufactured, and the dies are to be destroyed directly the number is completed. The design of the box has, on the advice of the Attorney-General, been registered under the Trades Marks Act and entered at the Stationers' Hall.

THE QUEEN'S NEW YEAR PRESENT TO HER SOLDIERS IN SOUTH AFRICA

Captain J. W. A. Cowan, D.S.O., who was killed at Magersfontein, was adjutant to the 1st Highland Light Infantry. He was mentioned in despatches for his part in the affair of September 6 in the Candia campaign of last year. Captain Cowan was born in 1868. His first appointment dates from 1889; his full lieutenantancy came in 1891, and he was made captain in 1897. Our portrait is by Heath, Plymouth.

Captain Alexander F. Lambton, who was killed at Magersfontein, was thirty years of age. He joined the Highland Light Infantry in 1888, rising by the usual steps to his captaincy in 1896. He had seen active service in Candia, 1898, and was mentioned in despatches. Our portrait is by Heath, Plymouth.

Captain Erle Godfrey Elton, who was killed at Magersfontein, was born in June, 1869. He received his first appointment to the Black Watch 1888, was made a lieutenant in August, 1890, and captain in July, 1893. Our portrait is by Charles Knight, Aldershot.

Second-Lieutenant William R. Cowie, who was killed at Magersfontein, joined the Seaforth Highlanders from the Militia in the early part of last year. He was born in 1878, and had seen no previous service. Our portrait is by Mayall and Co., Piccadilly.

Augustus John Henry Beaumont Paulet, fifteenth Marquis of Winchester, Earl of Wiltshire, and Baron St. John, major in the 2nd Battalion of the Coldstream Guards, who was killed in Lord Methuen's unsuccessful attack on the Boer position at Magersfontein, was born in 1858, was educated at Eton. He succeeded his father in 1887. The Marquis of Winchester joined the Coldstream Guards in 1879, became lieutenant in 1881, captain in

1890, and major in 1897. He served with the expedition to the Soudan in 1885 as aide-de-camp to Sir John McNeill, and was present in the engagements at Hasheen and the Tofrek zereba and at the destruction of Tamai. Lord Winchester was the hereditary bearer of the Cap of Maintenance—a cap of dignity carried before the Sovereigns of England at their coronation. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

Lieutenant-Colonel Gerald Lionel Joseph Goff, who was killed at Magersfontein, had commanded the 1st Battalion of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders since July of last year. Joining the regiment as a subaltern in 1875, he rose to the rank of captain in 1884, and that of major in 1892. He was with his battalion in the Zulu War of 1879. Our portrait is by Chancellor, Dublin.

Captain Arthur Henry Bacon, of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, who was killed at Colenso, was born on June 17, 1862, entered the Army from the Militia on December 5, 1883, and became captain on January 5, 1892. He was adjutant of the 4th Battalion of the regiment (Royal Dublin City Militia) from September 16, 1892, to September 30, 1897. This was his first service in the field. Our portrait is by Chancellor, Dublin.

Lieutenant-Colonel George Thomas Frederick Downman, of the 1st Gordon Highlanders, who died from wounds received at Magersfontein, was born in November, 1855, and received his first appointment in November, 1876, and became lieutenant-colonel in July last. From July, 1886, to July, 1891, he acted as adjutant to the Auxiliary Forces. Colonel Downman served in the Egyptian Expedition in 1884, Soudan, at the battles of Tel and Tamai, and received a medal with clasp, bronze star; with the Soudan Expedition, 1884-5, Nile, and saw service in Chitral, 1895, with the Relief Force at the storming of the Malakand Pass, for which he received a medal with clasp. He was also on active service on the North-West Frontier of India in 1897-8, with the Tirah Expeditionary Force, at the action of Dargai. For these services he received his brevet of lieutenant-colonel and two clasps. Our portrait is by Horsburgh, Edinburgh.

Captain Francis Cochrane Loftus, of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, who was killed at Colenso, was born on July 3, 1873, and entered the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers on December 17, 1862. He was gazetted lieutenant in March, 1895, and from April 23, 1898, to March 28 last served with the West Africa Rifles. He was the junior captain of his regiment, gazetted only on October 9 last. Our portrait is by Chancellor, Dublin.

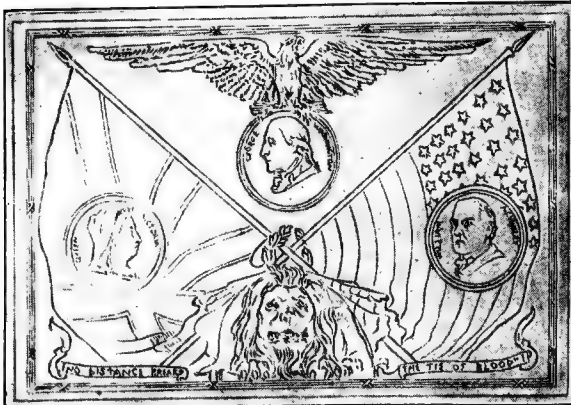
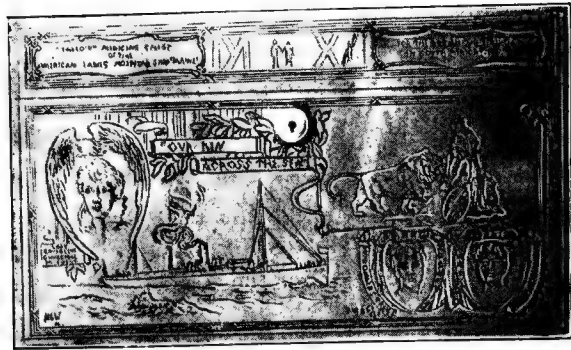
Lieutenant Gilbert Chapter Dalrymple Fergusson, who was killed in Colonel Metcalfe's gallant sortie from Ladysmith, was the only son of Colonel John Adam Fergusson, late of the Rifle Brigade, Professor at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, who until recently resided at Cheltenham. After serving in one of the Militia battalions of the Rifle Brigade, Lieutenant Fergusson joined the 2nd Battalion in 1896, served in the Soudan Campaign of 1898, and in the occupation of Crete. Our portrait is by Hills and Saunders, Eton.

Major-General Andrew Gilbert Wauchope, C.B., C.M.G., LL.D., who commanded the Highland Brigade at Magersfontein, was the eldest surviving son of the late Mr. Andrew Wauchope, of Niddrie Marischal. He first saw active service in the Ashanti War in 1873, where he was badly wounded. He was mentioned in despatches, and received a medal with clasps. It was in 1882 that he began that long Egyptian experience with which his career has been chiefly identified. General Wauchope was in Wolseley's army which dealt with Arabi Pasha, and here he first saw the fellaheen, with whom later he was to have so close an acquaintance. Two years later he participated in the memorable Soudan Expedition (where he was again wounded), and in 1884-5 he was a member of the Nile Expedition, where for the third time he was wounded very severely. General Wauchope's name is likely to be best remembered for his fine work with Lord Kitchener in the Soudan Campaign last year, where he commanded the First Brigade of the British Division. His personal bravery and his dashing leadership at the battle of Omdurman won for him his promotion to the rank of Major-General supernumerary, and he was mentioned in despatches published in the *London Gazette* on September 30 last year. He was also thanked by both Houses of Parliament, and awarded a medal, and an Egyptian medal with clasp. General Wauchope was thought to bear almost a charmed life, and those who know him say he is absolutely fearless. He was scarred all over the body, and a soldier or officer in the British Army bore so many traces of war.

Lieutenant Charles Morris Jenkins, Asso. M. Inst. C.E., of Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry, who was killed at the battle of Colenso, was about thirty-two years of age. Before leaving Wales, he served as sergeant in the Glamorgan Infantry Volunteers. He left home eleven years ago, and was engaged by the Natal Government on the construction of the railway from Ladysmith to Harrismith. During the last three years he was one of the principal district engineers for the contractors of the Pretoria-Pietermaritzburg Railway, and was still engaged finishing up some of the work on that line when he was compelled to leave the Transvaal. On reaching Natal, he offered his services to the Government, for employment in the Intelligence Department, but was informed that there was no vacancy, he, therefore, took the first opportunity of enlisting in Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry, with several of his late railway companions.

Captain J. R. Clark, of the 2nd Seaforth Highlanders, who was killed at Magersfontein, took part in the Hazara Expedition of 1888 and 1891, and Chitral in 1896. He became captain in 1893, having joined the regiment eight years before. He was thirty-seven. Our portrait is by Winter, Murree.

Captain L. D. Blackburn, of the 2nd Battalion of the Cameronians (Scottish Rifles), was seriously wounded on October 22 in a fight with the Boers at Crocodile Poort, on the northern frontier of the Transvaal, in which the outposts of Captain Plumer's force were engaged. He has since been reported as having died of his wounds. He joined the Cameronians in 1884.



Our two illustrations show the front side and the top of the modelled leather medicine chest that has been specially made for the hospital ship *Maine*. The top needs no description. The front bears portraits of Lady Randolph Churchill and of the hon. treasurer and hon. secretary of the fund. On the left is the *Maine*, and on the right is a wounded British lion holding up its paw to be dressed by Columbia and Britannia. Our photographs are by H. W. Lane.

THE MEDICINE CHEST OF THE AMERICAN LADIES' HOSPITAL SHIP "MAINE"



DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

FROM A SKETCH BY D. W. LANE

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, on the afternoon visited the American hospital ship *Maine* in the West India Dock, and the Duke, on behalf of the Queen, presented a Union Jack to the ship. The Duke was accompanied by Lady Randolph Churchill and the Committee. After he had thanked them on behalf of the Queen for their generous gift, he hauled the flag up to the masthead.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT RAISING THE UNION JACK ON THE "MAINE"



THE LATE LIEUT.-COLONEL G. L. J. GOFF
Killed at Magersfontein



THE LATE MARQUIS OF WINCHESTER
Killed at Magersfontein



THE LATE LIEUT.-COL. DOWNMAN
Died of wounds received at Magersfontein



THE LATE GEN. A. G. WAUCHOPE
Killed at Magersfontein



THE LATE CAPTAIN J. R. CLARK
Killed at Magersfontein



THE LATE CAPT. J. C. KNAPP
Killed at Ladysmith



THE LATE LIEUT.-COL. J. H. C. COODE
Killed at Magersfontein



THE LATE LIEUT. THE HON. F. H. S. ROBERTS
Died of wounds received at Colenso



THE LATE CAPT. J. W. A. COWAN
Killed at Magersfontein



SECOND LIEUT. R. MCORAN CAMPBELL
Killed at Magersfontein



THE LATE CAPTAIN F. C. LOFTUS
Killed at Colenso



THE LATE CAPTAIN A. F. LAMBTON
Killed at Magersfontein



THE LATE CAPTAIN ERLE G. ELTON
Killed at Magersfontein



THE LATE CAPTAIN A. H. BACON
Killed at Colenso



THE LATE SECOND LIEUT. W. R. COWIE
Killed at Magersfontein



THE LATE LIEUTENANT C. M. JENKINS
Killed at Colenso



THE LATE CAPTAIN BLACKBURN
Died of wounds received on October 22
at Crocodile Poort

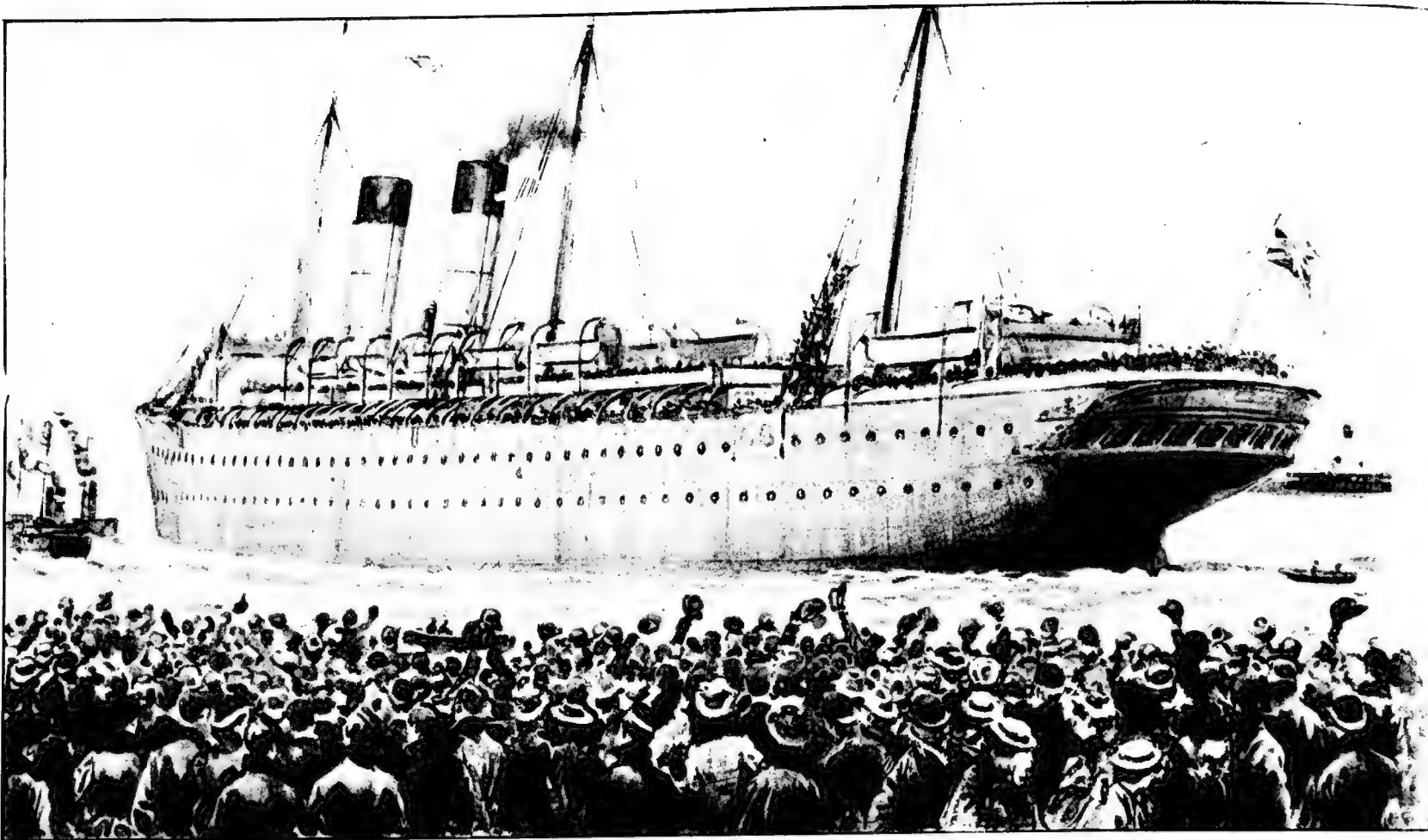


THE LATE LIEUT. G. C. DALRYMPLE
FERGUSSON
Killed at Surprise Hill, Ladysmith



THE LATE CAPTAIN W. E. J. BRADSHAW
Killed on the Orange River

HEROES OF THE WAR: OFFICERS KILLED IN ACTION



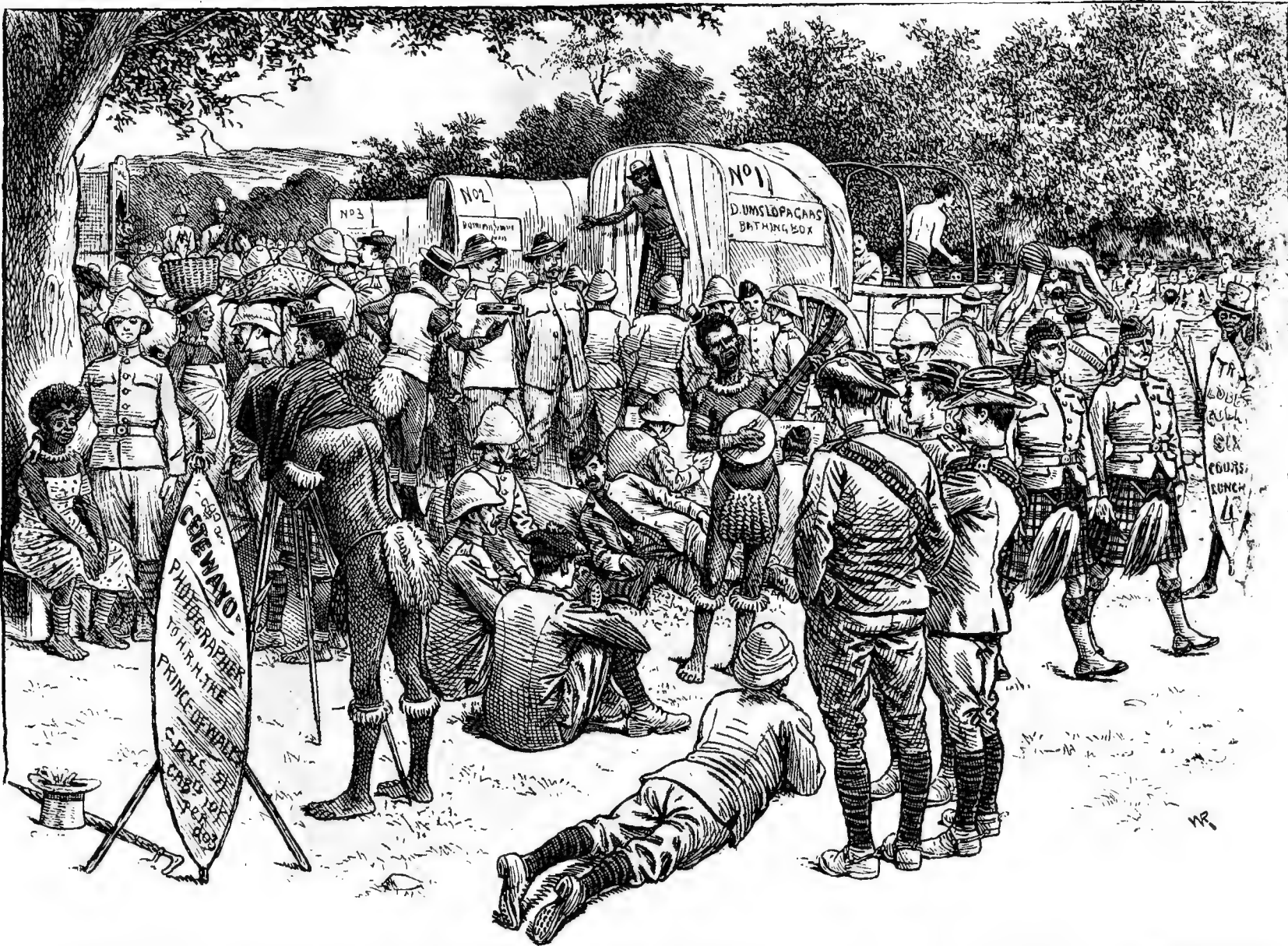
DRAWN BY J. NASH, R.I.

FROM A SKETCH BY A. COX

The White Star liner *Majestic*, which has been chartered as a troopship, left Liverpool last week with nearly 2,000 troops for the Cape. The forces embarked included men of the York and Lancaster Regiment, from York, who arrived at the Exchange Station in two special trains. There were also 180 men of the

1st Battalion Border Regiment from Shorncliffe, and other detachments. The members of the Portland Hospital Ambulance Corps were also on board. Though the weather was very unpleasant, the send-off was witnessed by several thousand people, and there was marked enthusiasm.

REINFORCEMENTS FOR THE FRONT: DEPARTURE OF THE "MAJESTIC" FROM LIVERPOOL



A Correspondent, having read the following telegram from Frere Camp—"The completion of the bridge and the prospect which it implies of a forward movement have sent a thrill of excitement throughout the camp. Nothing can exceed the spirit and enthusiasm of the troops. The men have had a good time here."

The banks of the Blaauwkrans Spruit are spoken of as Margate Sands. During these last few days it has been thronged from morning till night with crowds of soldier bathers in the gayest of spirits.—sent by a correspondent called a sketch of the scene

ON THE AFRICAN MARGATE SANDS: AN EFFORT OF IMAGINATION

DRAWN BY W. RALSTON

The Late Sir Gerald Graham, V.C.

LIEUT.-GEN. SIR GERALD GRAHAM, V.C., who died on Sunday at Northam, near Bideford, at the age of sixty-eight years, contracted inflammation of the lungs on going out to obtain news of the war. Sir Gerald won his Victoria Cross in the Crimean War, when he led a ladder party in an assault on the Redan, and sallied out of the trenches several times to bring in the wounded. He served throughout the campaign of 1860 in North China, and in the Egyptian War of 1882 he commanded the Second Brigade, being present at Kassassin and Tel-el-Kebir. He was twice mentioned in despatches, and received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament. Two years later he commanded the Expedition to the Soudan, and was present at the battles of El Teb and Tamai. He again received the thanks of Parliament, and was promoted a Lieutenant-General for distinguished services in the field. He also commanded an expedition to the Soudan in 1885; was for a third time thanked by Parliament, and was made a G.C.M.G. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.



THE LATE SIR RICHARD THORNE THORNE
Specialist in Sanitation



THE LATE GENERAL SIR GERALD GRAHAM,
V.C., G.C.M.G.



THE LATE MR. BERNARD QUARITCH
Bibliophile and Bookseller

songs of the Queen of the Night, music which it is well known Mozart wrote for the exceptional voice or "vulgar throat" of his sister-in-law, Frau Hofner. The College likewise possesses a Courtier Dutton a capital baritone, who also is an excellent actor, playing Papageno amusingly, although never enjoying his part. He had a charming partner as Papagena in Miss Adrien, a young lady of whom we probably hear more in the future. Miss Gleeson White, the soprano, has a very good voice, and has almost everything to recommend an actress; while the efforts of the Tamino were really feeble, despite Mr. Evans' possession of a very pretty soprano voice. As usual, however, at the Royal College it was the loyalty, and the loyal manner in which every member of the cast endeavoured to do his or her best, even in the smallest part, which was the most satisfactory feature of the performance; while the orchestra, mainly consisting of students, gave, under the direction of Professor Stanford, Mozart's beautiful accompaniments, with a delicacy and finish unusual in the ordinary opera season, where adequate rehearsals are deemed impossible.

MUSIC OF THE WEEK

The concert season has now closed, or, at any rate, it will be suspended until after the Christmas holidays. A brief survey of the week's concerts is therefore now all that is desirable. At the final Saturday Popular Concert Mr. Borwick reappeared, but there were no novelties. On Saturday also the last of the London Ballad Concerts this year was given, and Mr. Lloyd, who has been for so many years chief tenor at these entertainments, took his farewell. His farewell tour is about to begin, and before the Ballad Concerts are resumed next autumn he will have retired into private life. Señor Sarasate has likewise given his last concert this season, delighting his audience by a masterly performance with Dr. Neitzel of Beethoven's "Kreutzer" Sonata. Mr. Newman has brought his Orchestral and Choral Concerts at Queen's Hall to a close for the season, the final concert being given for his benefit. The only novelty was a *Te Deum* by the Belgian vocalist M. Depret, a rather amateurish effort, which proved less effective in the concert-room than it might perhaps be in church. At the final Royal Academy Concert several vocalists and pianists took part, and the programme included Stanford's variations on "Down Among the Dead Men," and Sir A. C. Mackenzie's "Britannia" overture, conducted, of course, by the composer in person. On Monday, Herr Von Dohnányi made his final appearance at the first concert of the London Chamber Music Union, and on Thursday of the present week the Prince of Wales was announced to take the chair at a smoking concert of the Royal Amateur Orchestra.

The Late Mr. Bernard Quaritch

MR. BERNARD QUARITCH, the well-known bookseller and art dealer of Piccadilly, who has just died at his house in Belsize Grove, Hampstead, was in his eighty-second year. In early life he was employed by the late Mr. H. J. Bohn, the publisher, and in the course of his long career he bought and sold most of the rare books and MSS. that have come into the market. He was a founder of the "Ye Odde Volumes," a society of bibliophiles started some ten or fifteen years ago. Of late years he has purchased every copy of the Mazarine, or Gutenberg, Bible—some copies more than once—that came under the hammer. The last sale he was present at was the Ashburnham Library early in the present year. At the Sunderland sale his bill came to over 33,000l. It is understood that Mr. Quaritch possessed a large and valuable private library quite apart from his business. He was a great "character," and his manner, and even his personal peculiarities, were the starting points of many an anecdote in the book world. For long years his antiquated hat was a thing of wonder and awe, and one of the familiar sights of London. Our portrait is by Martin and Sallnow, Strand.

The Late Sir Richard Thorne Thorne

SIR RICHARD THORNE THORNE, who died last Monday, was the principal medical officer to the Local Government Board. He was also a member of the General Medical Council, and had represented Great Britain at the principal International Sanitary Conferences at Venice, Berlin, and other cities. Sir Richard was born at Leamington in 1841, and was the son of a banker in that town. Among the publications of which he was the author may be mentioned "The Use and Influence of Hospitals for Infectious Diseases," "The Progress of Preventive Medicine during the Victorian Era," "The Natural History of the Prevention of Diphtheria," and many reports relating to public health in the official publications of the Privy Council and the Local Government Board. He was knighted in 1897. Our portrait is by Bassano, Old Bond Street.

Music

MOZART'S "MAGIC FLUTE"

We briefly referred last week to the performance of Mozart's *Magic Flute* given by the Royal College students at the Lyceum. The beauties of the music have in Germany triumphed over the absurdities of the libretto, but in England *Die Zauberflöte* has practically been banished from the repertory for several years. The revival of the opera by the Royal College students was doubtless partly due to the fact that the College possesses in Miss Delia Mason a lady boasting the high notes requisite for singing the two



With apologies to Mrs. Pears!

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

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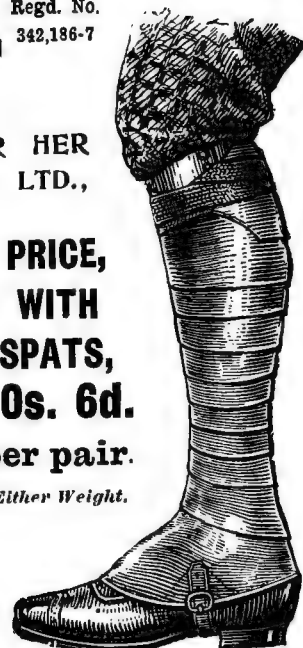
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Our Christmas Bookshelf

TWO ILLUSTRATED GIFT BOOKS

THE pretty edition of "Silas Marner," from which one of our illustrations is taken, needs no comment. It is published by Messrs. Blackwood. It is charmingly illustrated by Mr. Reginald Birch, who will always be remembered for his pictures of Little Lord Fauntleroy. More than this it is unnecessary to say, except that "Silas Marner" is a story which never grows old or loses its hold on popular feeling. Our second illustration is reduced from a handsome folio volume printed in colours, in which Miss Farniloe has demonstrated her genius for portraying gutter-snipes. Her little ragged urchins are as admirably

seen as they are skilfully lined, and the book is a great joy. Its humour and freshness are so spontaneous that one leaves it reluctantly. Miss Parnell's verses to accompany the pictures are mediocre. The book is published by Mr. Grant Richards; and while children will appreciate its simple effects, their elders will revel in artistic qualities which may be missed in the nursery.

FOR THE YOUNGER SISTERS

When in doubt what book to get for a small girl, a new story by Mrs. Molesworth is a safe investment. Her Christmas gift, "The Boys and I" (Chambers) follows no new lines, and is only the history of a girl and two little brothers left to the charge of relations whilst their parents are away, but it has all the simple charm which makes the writer such a favourite. How the little sister "mothers" her brothers, and into what pickles they get, are just the points to interest the young ones. Another family are made amusing when they try to redeem their fallen fortunes, as E. Nesbit tells in "The Story of the Treasure Seekers" (Fisher Unwin). Very ingenious were the efforts of the juvenile quartet, and they certainly deserved the happy ending.

IN WONDERLANDS

A good nonsense-story is rare to find, but Mr. G. E. Farrow, who invented that queer creature, the Wallypug, has been making some fresh discoveries in this direction. "The Little Panjandrum's Dodo" (Skeffingtons) throws considerable light on the character of that extinct bird, which appears to have been a somewhat vain personage, with a weakness for white kid gloves. The tiny heroes and heroine sought the Dodo amidst strange and fearsome companions, and met with most delightfully thrilling experiences, crowning their adventures by reaching the North Pole, which they found had been "made in Germany." If the young ones want to test the truth of the narrative, let them go to the Crystal Palace, where they will find the antediluvians who entertained the Dodo, turned into stone. Right merry is the story, and the illustrations, by Alan Wright, are humorous to match. Yet one more story of Alice in Wonderland type—"Mabel's Prince Wonderful" (Chambers), prettily told by W. E. Cule, but exactly resembling its many predecessors in describing the adventures of a child amongst the characters of familiar nursery tales.

GLEANINGS FROM OLD CHRONICLERS

Historical romance has already yielded a rich return to Mr. Laurence Gomme when twice before he put together extracts from English literature to illustrate the reigns of English Monarchs from the time

of the Conquest to our own day. But the "King's Story Book" and the "Queen's Story Book" by no means exhausted the supply, for the latest addition, "The Prince's Story Book" (Constable), is every whit as good as its predecessors. In the outpour of modern books of adventure young people are apt to ignore literature of the past, so Mr. Gomme does a service in bringing such extracts before them to tempt his readers into knowing more of the originals. His choice is wide—from Froissart and William of Malmesbury to Thackeray, Lord Lytton, and Lord Beaconsfield, while Sir Walter Scott takes the lion's share. Well illustrated by H. S. Banks, this would make a first-rate prize book.



"NESTLED CLOSE TO HIS SIDE"

From "Silas Marner." By George Eliot. Illustrated by Reginald Birch. (W. Blackwood and Sons.)



A MAN AND HIS LITTLE BROTHER

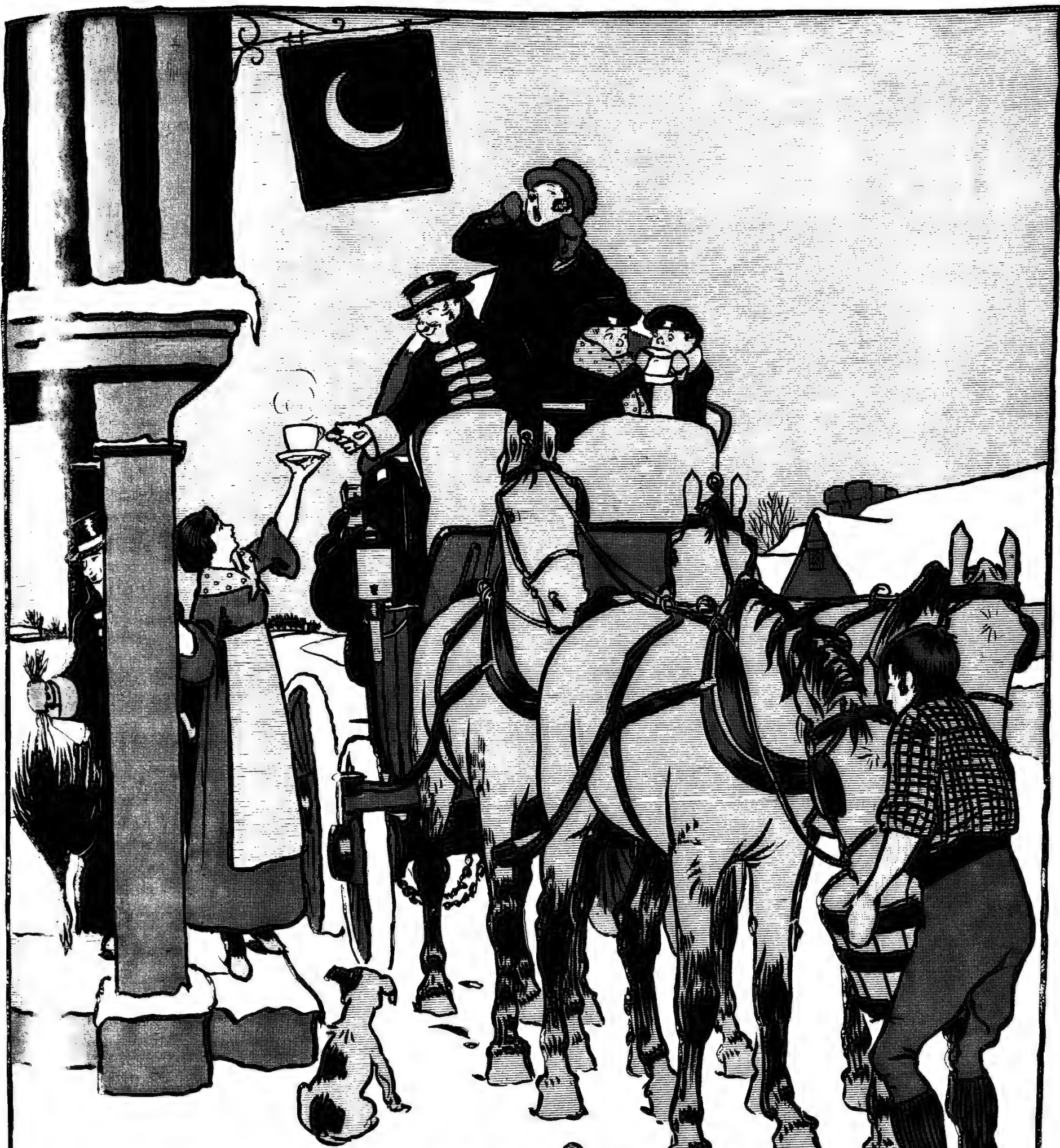
Reduced Illustration from "Rag, Tag, and Bobtail." By Edith Farniloe. Verses by Winifred Parnell. (Grant Richards.)

The Three Kingdoms

Smoke

OGDEN'S

GUINEA-GOLD

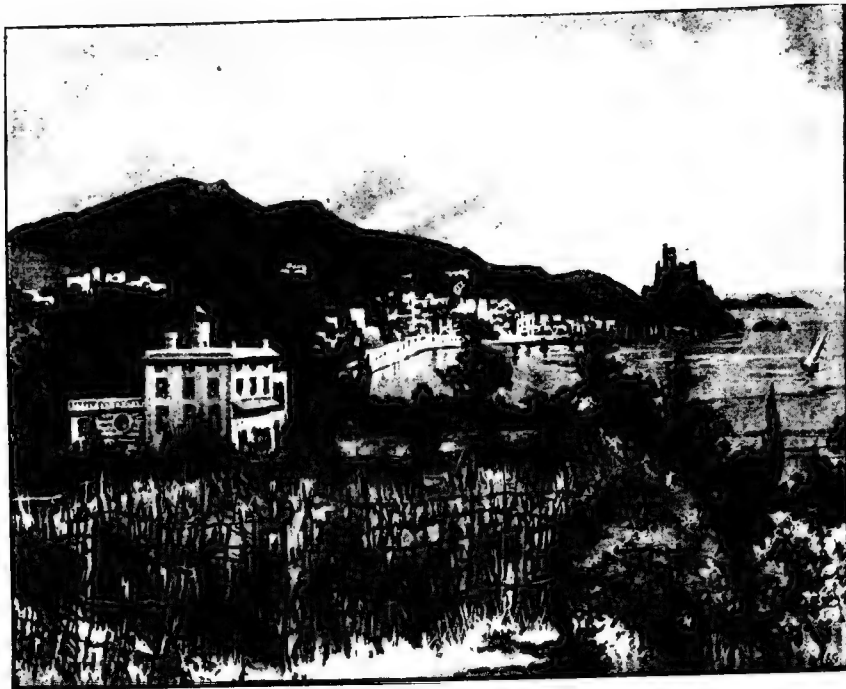


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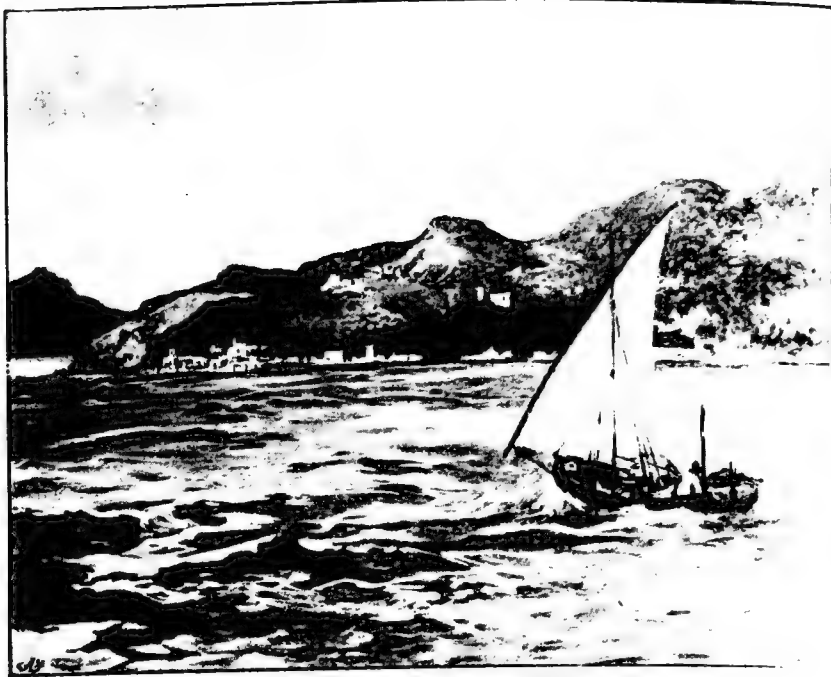
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THE VILLA MARIGOLA



THE BAY OF LERICI FROM THE SEA

THE EMPRESS FREDERICK'S WINTER RESIDENCE IN THE GULF OF SPEZIA

The Empress Frederick and Shelley's Villa

THE Empress Frederick, in selecting the Villa Pearse (or Marigola) on the Bay of Lerici, in the Gulf of Spezia, for her winter residence, has chosen one of the most delightful spots on that portion of the Italian coast which stretches from Bordighera on the west to Via Reggio on the south-east. The Gulf of Spezia has at its entrance Porto Venere, an ancient town, on the left, and Lerici, a town with an old battlemented machicolated Pisan tower on the right. Here the Gulf of Spezia is about three miles wide, but it runs inland for six miles, and the Bay of Lerici forms a little curve in the shore—a quiet “backwater,” out of the bustle and churn of the huge ironclads as they steam in and out of Italy's greatest war port. The little bay lies between San Terenzo (with an old Genoese tower) and Lerici. At the foot of a promontory in the bay is the Villa Casa Magori (now Macarani), to which Shelley came to reside with Mary Shelley and Williams and his wife in the spring of 1822.

The sea washed and still washes to the terrace which fronts the beach at Casa Magori, the ground floor of which was only a sort of boathouse with several arches. The poet and his friends lived on the upper floor. This villa is now taken for the use of a part of the suite of the Empress Frederick, who herself will reside in the Villa Marigola, high up among the groves which thickly overhang the Casa Magori.

The Life of Rubens*

THERE is no more brilliant career in the annals of art, ancient or modern, than that of the master of Vandyck. The counsellor of Velasquez, the favourite of Duke Vincenzo Gonzaga, the Ambassador to the Courts of Spain and of England, the secretary of Philip IV.'s Privy Council, Hon. M.A. of Cambridge, Knight of England, he was all this and many things besides, sufficient to satisfy most men's ambition for honour in their day or for a place in the recollection of posterity. But above all and before all, he was the amazing artist, whose transcendent powers no one thinks of challenging. Many, no doubt, deny him recognition in one way or another. Just as Mr. Ruskin denounces him as a model to be avoided, others condemn the frequent excesses in flesh tints, the inelegance of forms, the riotous compositions, the lascivious subjects, and other qualities, the proof of which would be sufficient to annihilate most men.

But Rubens' fame and position are not to be shaken, even if all the blemishes alleged were accepted as established ten times over. For he had the great gift of creation, invention, and imagination, allied to technical and intellectual powers of the highest order, and those are merits so rare that mere exuberance, with all the other defects, cannot weigh against the incontrovertible fact of his amazing mastery. The record of such a life, and of such a life's work, could not fail, in competent hands, to produce a book of the

* Rubens: His Life, his Work, and his Time. By Emile Michel. Translated by Elizabeth Lee. In two volumes. With eighty plates and 272 illustrations. (Heinemann, 1899.)

highest and most absorbing interest, if the human career were kept abreast of the story of its solid achievement.

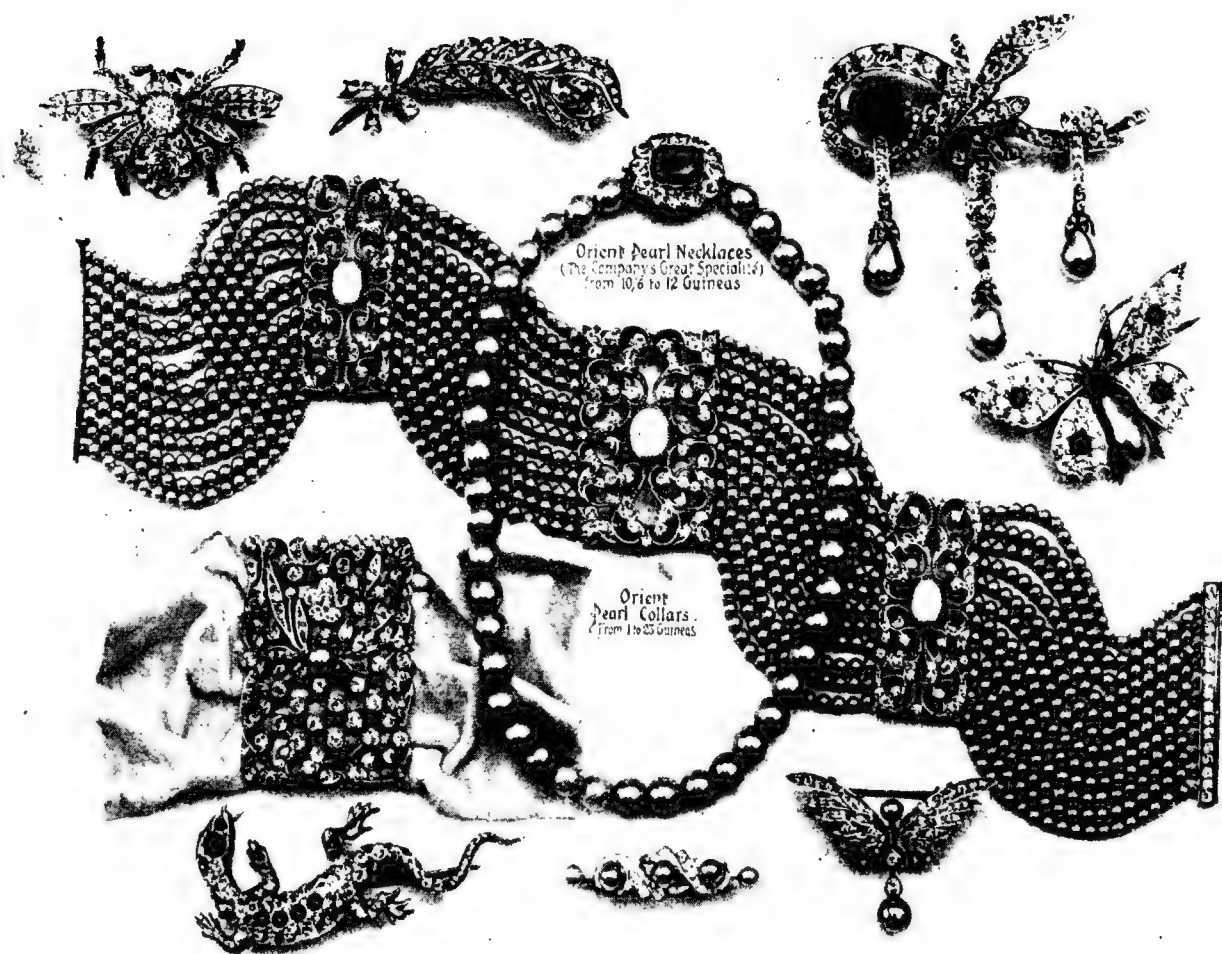
This is what Monsieur Emile Michel has accomplished. To add that this is what M. Michel, the erudite author of “The Life and Work of Rembrandt,” could not help doing, such is the horror giving life to all he writes, and of investing with charm the most ordinary recital of events. But Rubens' life was no more ordinary. It was stirring, full of colour and romance, and it was filled with the adventures which seem to attend so rarely on the picturesque and active figures of his time. The century, comprising the last quarter of the sixteenth century and the first half of the seventeenth, is instinct with interest, political, social, and artistic; and the man who cut such a figure, alike in Flanders, Italy, France, and England, mixed on equal terms with the greatest celebrities of his day, who dabbled in politics and diplomacy, understood intrigues, coquetted with wire-pullers (how remote to those of our present century!), and added to these talents by being himself perhaps the best salesman the Art world has ever known, as well as the most successful manufacturer of pictures of all time, lends himself with peculiar aptness to treatment by M. Michel's pen. The author succeeds not only in making Rubens live before us, but he presents to the reader so delightfully realistic a picture of his contemporaries and of contemporary acts, that few will resist the interest of his story or the charm of his method.

One feature of the book is the great number of the illustrations. The numerous photogravures, with some of the colored plates, establish the claim of the book to a place on the shelves of every library.

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New Novels

"IN CONNECTION WITH THE DE WILLOUGHBY CLAIM"

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT's new novel (Frederick Warne and Co.) is based upon as strong a situation as can well be imagined—a man's discovery that the ruin and death of the woman to whom he had sacrificed all things, even conscience, had been the work of one whom he had been for years worshipping as his saint and hero. That fraternal affection for a sister was the root of the tragedy makes it seem a little overstrained, but it is none the less powerfully handled, and it may be that Mrs. Burnett acted deliberately in excluding from it any element of passion. The novel is exceptionally difficult to deal with briefly, because, while there is far too much machinery for bringing about the catastrophe, it is just the machinery that will be the most interesting to nine readers out of ten. Tom Willoughby, the indolent, amiable, selfless young giant from Tennessee is little better than a supernumerary in respect of the plot, but it is he who chiefly fills the stage. Then, while the action is getting lost among the humours of the coloured folk, who will wish the pace faster? And the very title refers to an episode which is quite irrelevant to the story, and yet which not even a pedant with regard to construction would wish away. In effect, the work is well-nigh as inconsequent as real life appears to be, and with the same lack of proportion between what people are and what they do. And this doubtless constitutes a good half of its charm.

"VIA CRUCIS"

The versatility of Mr. Francis Marion Crawford finds fresh scope

where we should have little looked for it—that is to say, in a stirring story of the Second Crusade ("Via Crucis": Macmillan and Co.). The gallant young English adventurer, in the good sense of the term, who, landless and friendless, inspires the utmost recklessness of passion in the French Queen, and passes unscathed and unstained through perils and temptations that would have almost overmatched the resistance of a Galahad, is a hero worth knowing, and worth following. The novel stands out both as a brilliant historical picture with plenty of human interest, and as a revival of the chivalrous spirit in which novels of adventure have become in general rather notably lacking. And it is not so small a point as it may seem that Mr. Crawford brings out what is far too little recognised—how infinitely more Norman we are than Saxon in being Englishmen, and not boors or slaves.

"THE SLAVE"

Like others of his former works, and notably his "Flame," Mr. Robert Hichens's "The Slave" (William Heinemann) is to be described as a psychological romance in a more literal and exact sense than is usually attached to the term. It is his fancy to treat souls very much as if they could be observed through transparent bodies, and he is evidently better versed than most people in the mystical doctrine of occult sympathies. On the assumption that a woman may have an emerald for a soul, and that an emerald has a soul of its own, the story of Lady Caryll Knox is an interesting study of what might be not unlikely to happen under the circumstance. Many great authorities, we believe, have held the influence of the emerald to be essentially fortunate and beneficent. Mr. Hichens—who has, no doubt, equally good reason for his view—is evidently of a different opinion.

Lady Caryll is as hard, as brilliant, as cruel, and as much the instigator of evil passions, as if she had been an incarnate devil. Her midnight struggle with the robber of her jewel is an almost hideous description of what the loss of an actual soul might be, by any means all of this order. Blent with all this transcendental business are decidedly personal sketches of the vulgar side of life in Mr. Hichens's keenest form; and a deeply pathetic story struck in the life and death of the young acrobat, Alf, who has provided plenty of amusement by its professional humours. In short, the book appeals to almost as many tastes as any novel to possess among them.

"THE BREAD OF TEARS"

Mr. G. B. Burgin is somehow not quite so happy in "The Bread of Tears" (John Long) as when he is dealing with matters purely and ordinarily human interest, whether in the Canadian or of London. His heroine is persecuted by a dramatically villainous Armenian, firstly for the sake of a valuable jewels supposed to be in her keeping, and, secondly, for the sake of passion's sake combined. Poetical justice overtakes him in a not ineffective manner—that is to say, through his marriage with a terrible old maid attached to an American Missionary, his fellow-countrymen. The Mission itself, with which all the leading characters are more or less connected, is portrayed with sympathy and humour, and provides the best feature of the story that otherwise never quite succeeds in carrying conviction. It always keeps the reader concerned to know what is going to happen next—which, from a popular standpoint, is more than half the battle.

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£20 Tobacconists commencing. 111d. Gilt. Open a Glass. 188, Euston Road. reputation. M. J. WATERS.

MILK

is one of the

Most Dangerous Foods !

This opinion was expressed by **SIR RICHARD THORNE THORNE** (The **CHIEF INSPECTOR** of the **LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD**), in a lecture to the **Royal British Nurses' Association**, on the 2nd of December, 1899. He also stated that "34 out of 40 of the Queen's Cows had been slaughtered, as they were found to be suffering from Tuberculosis," that is to say their milk contained the germs of consumption, and that "90 out of every 100 milch cows in the country were diseased !!!"

Milk is also particularly liable to contamination from other sources. Cows will frequently stand with their udders partly immersed in a dirty pond to escape the flies, and will often be found resting in a straw yard, their udders in contact with manure. This is milked in with the bulk, and impregnates the whole. Hair, skin, dirt, from the milkman's hands, clothes, etc., frequently are to be found in samples of milk, rendering it unfit for use in a raw state. What is more frequent than to see a milk-cart standing over an open drain in the road, whilst the milkman seeks refreshment at a public-house? Again, watch upon a dusty day the amount of dirt which will be blown into the smaller cans during the process of filling from the main supply. Scales of eczema from the palms of milkmen's hands, oats, flies, straw, and many other foreign bodies are constantly found in milk. Many other germs of disease in milk are introduced in this way, such as :—

1. GERMS OF SCARLET FEVER.
2. GERMS OF DIPHTHERIA.
3. GERMS OF TYPHOID FEVER.
4. GERMS OF FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE.

A recent Royal Commission, the entire Medical Profession, the War Office, the Local Government Board, etc., all recommend that all milk should be sterilized.

THE AYMARD PATENT MILK STERILIZER

is a simple and perfect Apparatus, and should be in every kitchen. If used once daily for a few minutes, the whole of the milk required for the next 24 hours can be freed from germs, and the whole of the cream and albumin—which forms into scum when milk is boiled—will be retained. Milk that has not been properly sterilized is such a dangerous food, that those who allow it to be served to their families take a great responsibility.

MILK STERILIZED IN AYMARD'S STERILIZER

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Metro. Asylums Board,	Parkhurst,	Leith Infirmary,	Paisley Infirmary,
Northern Central Hospital,	Portsmouth Fever Hospital,	Blackpool Infirmary,	Numerous Regiments,

and IN MANY PUBLIC SCHOOLS and COLLEGES,

ably, Harrow, Dover, Cheltenham, Marlborough, Newnham, etc., etc., and parents would do well to insist that Aymard's Patent Milk Sterilizer be used in any schools to which they propose sending their children.

IF IN DOUBT ASK YOUR MEDICAL MAN.

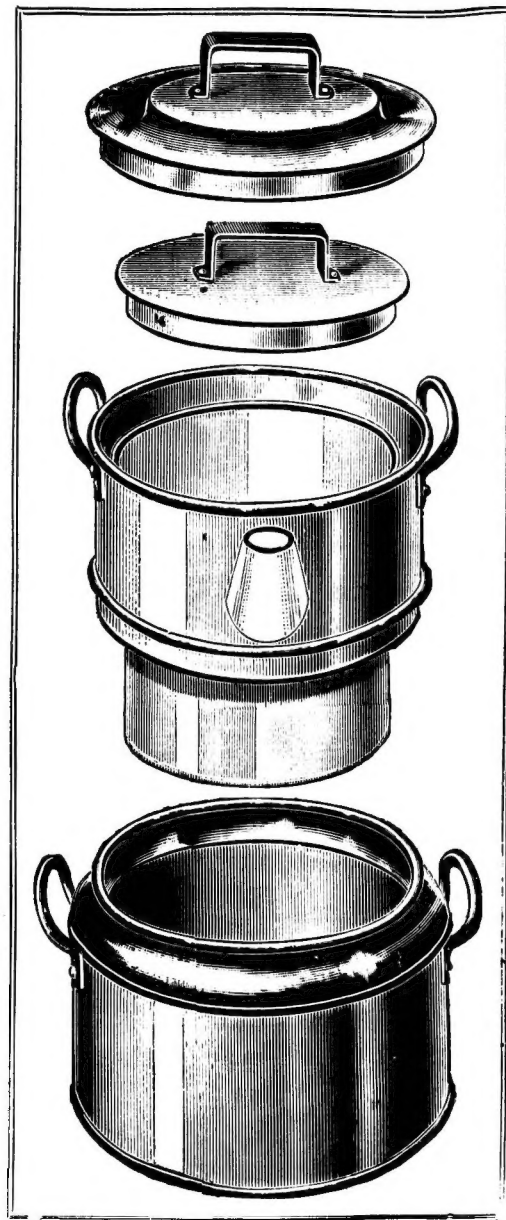
Aymard's Patent Milk Sterilizer can be obtained from or through any of the Stores, Chemists, Ironmongers, &c., at the prices below; but in the event of would-be purchasers finding the slightest difficulty in getting their wants supplied, they are requested to remit with their orders direct to the factory, where full stocks are kept. Address:

AYMARD PATENT MILK STERILIZER Co., St. Matthew's Works, IPSWICH.

PRICES
AND
SIZES.

Sizes.	1 pint.	2 pints.	3 pints.	4 pints.	1 Gallon.	2 Gallons.	
Prices.							One and Two Gallons, if fitted with Thermometer, 6/6 extra.
With Enamelled Iron Milk Chamber.	5/6	7/6	10/6	14/6	23/6	33/6	
With Tin Milk Chamber as before.	3/6	5/6	7/6	10/6	18/6	27/6	

LARGER SIZES, up to 36 gallons, are suitable for large Institutions, Military Depots, Hospitals, Hydropathic Establishments, Asylums, and large Schools. Particulars on application.



Rural Notes

THE SEASON

THE feature of the recent cold wave which struck Great Britain on the 7th inst., and had spent its chief force by the 15th, when 20 deg. of frost were recorded, has been its increase in intensity as it went south. Suddenly deflected over Great Britain, which it entered from the east, it proceeded due south. London on the 11th registered 7 deg. of frost, Paris on the 12th had 13 deg. to register. On the 13th there were blinding snowstorms all over central France, and on the 14th a real blizzard swooped down on Marseilles and the Riviera. The health stations of Cannes, Nice, and Monte Carlo were 10 to 15 deg. colder than Torquay and Penzance, and 5 to 10 deg. colder than Ventnor. The suffering to invalids must have been great, but we have only heard thus far of the olive orchards and flower gardens being injured. The very heavy snowfall in Russia and Central Europe has not been paralleled

west of the Rhine and the North Sea. In the countries where it has fallen it has been welcomed as protection to autumn-sown grain and also to the roots of trees and shrubs against the winter frosts. The dense fogs afflicting London have likewise prevailed at Paris, Brussels, Lyons, Venice, and Florence.

AGRICULTURAL DEPRESSION

The fact is as unwelcome as the heading is venerable. We had hoped the century would go out without occasion to use it. Things in 1897 began to mend, and they were good in 1898. This year has been mixed in its record, but since the good crops of September were secured value has gone back slowly but steadily week after week, and it is now certain that wheat, barley, and oats are all selling at prices which in an average year would not pay for the production of the grain. Wheat is 2·91 bushels above the average, barley ·90 of a bushel above the average, and oats are only ·09 of a bushel below the average, so that with these margins to waste as it were, it is possible that farmers are not actually losing money.

We cannot, however, bargain on growing over-average crops, and unless cereal agriculture can be made to pay in an average year, the situation will become very serious. It is not as if one great section of agriculture could be abandoned without prejudice to the rest. The seven million acres given to cereals could not be put up to pasture without swamping the meat and dairy trades, and if we grew no cereals the dependence on the foreigner for these foods would enable the "operator" to keep us constantly short of supply, and prices at a consequent permanent high price. The home production of cereals, though small, is a safety valve, and if it is abandoned the result cannot fail to be disastrous.

IRISH CO-OPERATION

To hear of Irishmen cordially co-operating with one another is a good sign, and it is really satisfactory to learn on the unimpeachable authority of the Secretary of the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society that the Co-operative Creameries in the purely pastured parts of Ireland are doing thoroughly well.

ECZEMA

And Every Form of Torturing
Disfiguring Skin and Scalp
Humours Cured by

Cuticura

SPEEDY CURE TREATMENT.—Bathe the affected parts thoroughly with HOT WATER and CUTICURA SOAP. Next apply CUTICURA Ointment, the great skin cure, and lastly take a full dose of CUTICURA RESOLVENT. This treatment will afford instant relief, permit rest and sleep, and point to a speedy, permanent, and economical cure when all else fails.

Sold everywhere. Price, THE SET, 6s.; or, CUTICURA SOAP, 1s.; OINTMENT, 2s. 6d.; RESOLVENT, 2s. 6d.; postpaid of F. NEWBURY & SONS, London. POTTER DRUG and CHEM. CO., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

TRIUMPH CYCLES

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MAKES STILL WINES SPARKLING!

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WHEN, and
WHERE you
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1 doz. "Sparklets"
weight 4 oz., 1s. per box.

One "Sparklet" the
equivalent to 1½ bottles
Soda Water.

Sparklets
"You
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Nature does the rest."

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SHIPPED TO AFRICA FOR
THE USE OF OUR TROOPS.

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ESTIMATED VALUE—"A pint of Dr. De Jongh's Oil is of more value than a quart of any other."

—EDGAR SHEPPARD, Esq., M.D.

It is sold by all Chemists in Capsuled Imperial Half-pints, 2s. 6d.; Pints, 4s. 9d.; Quarts, 9s.
See Testimonials surrounding each bottle.

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There is no Cocoa so nice to drink as Suchard's.
There is none that charges the atmosphere with
so pleasant and appetising an aroma.

Suchard's Cocoa possesses more flavour and a
finer flavour than any other.

These are bold statements to make; we mean
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test, the drinking test—a single cup of Cocoa
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COCOA ECONOMY.—One pound of SUCHARD'S Cocoa yields
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¼ lb. Tin, 9½d.; ½ lb. Tin, 1/6; 1 lb. Tin, 2/10.

CHOCOLAT SUCHARD,

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MESSRS. JAS. HENNESSY & Co. have at their
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"WHAT I CALL THE 'ARCADIA'
'MY LADY NICOTINE' IS
THE 'CRAVEN' MIXTURE,
AND NO OTHER."

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Invented by the 3rd EARL of CRAVEN.
1lb. Tin 8/10 Post free 9/2
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(Medium Full).
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DR. HOMMEL'S HÆMATOGEN

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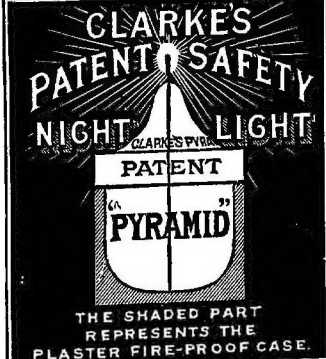
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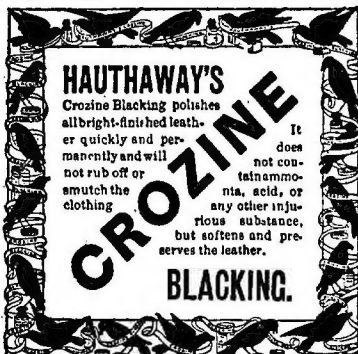
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